# Interview with Constance Ray Harvey, 1988

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CONSTANCE RAY HARVEY

Interviewed by: Ann Miller Morin

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*Q: Could we begin by your telling us a little bit about where you were born, and about your family—where they came from?*

HARVEY: I was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1904, at the very end of the year. And my parents both originally came from New England, but had been settled for at least one generation in New York State.

*Q: Now you said that your father's people had been in—Massachusetts, was it?*

HARVEY: In 1630. They came from Somerset. Where the Harveys are as thick as blackberries. I've been there. And my mother's family—I don't know when they came to this country, but they first appeared in New England, in New Hampshire, I guess in the 18th century. And they had a French background, but probably they did not come through French Canada, according to specialists.

*Q: Really?. They came directly from France, then?*

HARVEY: I don't know, I just don't know about that.

*Q: Have they kept up the French customs and the French language in the family?*

HARVEY: No, they haven't. Our name was Le Gros. They dropped the “S” off because of the pronunciation. And my mother still went back to New Hampshire every summer, even just when I was about to be born. But my father's family had been a little longer in New York State.

*Q: What sort of enterprises were they involved in? Was your father a . . .*

HARVEY: My father was a lawyer.

*Q: A lawyer, oh, well that's portable. And your mother, of course, was a homemaker in those days.*

HARVEY: Yes, that's right. She was a homemaker. We lived in the city when I was a small child. Then when I was five years old we went to live in East Aurora, out in the country. The home of Elbert Hubbard.

*Q: Now, who is Elbert Hubbard?*

HARVEY: Well, I think of him now, as a grown person, as the last ripple of the pre-Raphaelite group. Because that was the kind of object of his life. He made, in his factory, all kinds of things like chairs, and objects, and tables and things, like William Morris, and he had a hotel where the rooms had no numbers, they were just named after famous people. And so forth. But we lived out sort of on the edge of the country. And I was there for five years. Loved living in the country. That was my real taste of the country. Because from then until I came to Lexington I've never lived in the country. Well, I've been a while in the country in Greece, yes.

*Q: Where did you go to school?*

HARVEY: I was taught at home when I was at East Aurora, except the very last year. I went one year to the little public school down in the town. But my great-aunt lived with us. My mother was not very fond of her own mother, my grandmother, but she loved her aunt.

*Q: Her mother's sister?*

HARVEY: Her mother's sister, who was also very New England. They were tall, stately women, over six feet in their stocking feet.And had great long ears, like oysters. Aunt Martha had been a school teacher of children, and after she retired she came to live with us, I was taught by Aunt Martha. Children and animals always loved her, because being so tall she had an enormous, long lap, and always wore a woolly skirt, and all creatures liked sitting on Aunt Martha's lap. I learned to read by reading Peter Rabbit upside down, and she'd say, “No, no, no, it has to be right up.” So I learned just like that, to read.

*Q: By osmosis.*

HARVEY: Osmosis, yes.

*Q: What a wonderful way to learn. And she taught you.*

HARVEY: She did the best she could with me.

*Q: You went to a little local school?*

HARVEY: Just when I was about nine. I went there for about a year, before we moved back to Buffalo, so I could go to a real school.

*Q: Oh, that's why you moved back. Your father commuted, I suppose.*

HARVEY: Yes. We lived up on a hill, and he had to use skis to get down to the station.

*Q: Did he really? He took the train to work every day?*

HARVEY: East Aurora is not very far away from the city. It's only about 18 miles away. But in those days it was far.

*Q: What people would give to have a life like that now!*

HARVEY: Yes.

*Q: So then you moved back to Buffalo, and you went to the local schools?*

HARVEY: I went to a marvelous, marvelous, and very expensive private school. Probably one of the best in the country. And I lived right across the street from the school. It was called the Franklin School, and run by a severe lady who graduated from Smith College. But I adored it, I loved that school.

*Q: What particularly did you love about it?*

HARVEY: Well, I found it fascinating. I soon, pretty soon, got to have a crush on my room teacher, who was a friend of the headmistress, and had a terrific temper.

*Q: Did she?*

HARVEY: Yes, she did, but she taught us Latin and Mathematics, and looked after our room. We were never more than seven or eight in a class, it was a small group. She once threw her book down and said, “You lazy little things, go back to your desks.” But we all adored her, in spite of her bad temper. We just loved her. We thought she was wonderful. I started Latin with her when I was ten, and then I started French with a French teacher, who never really learned English, when I was eleven. When I was just turning, I guess, thirteen, I started Greek.

*Q: Did you really? A real classical education.*

HARVEY: My father insisted that I should not study German. It was during World War I, and we had a wonderful German teacher there, but he said no, that was ridiculous. As I'd already had German lessons when I was quite small, I didn't mind, I didn't care, so I took Greek instead. And my first teacher of Greek didn't let me look at a book. She wanted me to learn it only by ear. And it didn't work very well. But the next year I started over again with another teacher and a new girl, who became my best friend. We studied Greek together. I was the head of the class, especially one particular exam, when I got 35 and she got 29.

*Q: That must have been a very hard examination.*

HARVEY: We used to whack each other with rulers when we made mistakes, because we'd been reading about the life in boys' prep-schools in England.

*Q: These were all girls, of course, in this school?*

HARVEY: Well, they were from the sixth grade on. There were little boys from kindergarten up, but I didn't get there till the sixth grade. But my last two years I spent at an enormous public high school, because my father thought I should become more democratic, and not just grow up with these children of very rich families, or intellectuals who were willing to spend a lot of money on their children's education. We belonged in the latter category,—so I went to the big high school where my mother and father had gone years before. Of course, it was entirely different when I got there. But parents, I discovered soon, never really understand much of what is going on in their children's lives. I didn't become democratic at all. I was immediately asked to join a literary society, which I was glad to do, and it was more or less the children of people like my family. We were polite and kind to the Poles, and other “strange people”, and black people who were in the big school, but we didn't really have much to do with each other. I do remember I had to make a speech before the 2,000 children once. I can't remember what it was about or how I ever managed to do it, but I apparently did. The teaching was really quite good in that school.

*Q: Was it? Well, yes, New York State schools are very good. You only went there one year, you say?*

HARVEY: Two years.

*Q: Two years. You haven't mentioned any brothers and sisters.*

HARVEY: I haven't any.

*Q: You were an only child.*

HARVEY: I was an only child. My father was really an only child, too. He was the only child by a very late second marriage, so his half-sisters and brothers were very much older, and I never knew them. I never knew either of my grandfathers, because they died long before I was born. I have the faintest memory of my paternal grandmother. I must have been barely two when she died in the house where we lived, in our house. Then my mother's mother died a bit later, but I knew her not very well.

*Q: Yes, but you knew her sister very well.*

HARVEY: But I knew the sister very well. Aunt Martha—she died when I was in this school, too. She was an “old, old lady” by that time. Probably much younger than I am today!

*Q: Well, to a child, anything over forty is just creaking. This is an almost idyllic childhood you had, I would say. Did you have pets?*

HARVEY: Yes. My mother didn't really care for them, but she said every child should have a dog and a cat, so we did. And we had, of course, kittens. I used to take the kittens riding on a carpet sweeper. That was in the country. Then I had a dog called Peter, who was run over, and that was a great tragedy.

*Q: I should say. You didn't get another dog?*

HARVEY: No. For many years I didn't get one.

*Q: Did your father have an automobile?*

HARVEY: Not at that time; they were barely having them. He got one later when we were back in Buffalo, to my great relief, because I was very ashamed that we didn't have an automobile. One of my school mates asked me, “Do you like riding in a car?”

I couldn't bring myself to say, “We don't have an automobile.” I said, “Well, rather.” My great joy was in a few months when my father bought a Chevrolet.

*Q: Did you have a horse and carriage before that?*

HARVEY: No, we didn't. We rented them, but we didn't have any stall for them on the place we rented in the country. We didn't buy that house, we rented it.

*Q: I see, so the train is what got you around?*

HARVEY: Well, yes, at that time. But we didn't go on many long journeys during the five years I lived in the country.We did go to Washington, D.C., several times because my father had a clinic in nearby Virginia.

*Q: What about electricity? Was there electricity out there in the country?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, yes indeed. But when I went back to Buffalo to live, I remember distinctly that there were still gas lamps in several of the streets in Buffalo. The gas lamp lighter would come by to light them just as in the poem. That didn't last very long.

*Q: No, no. Well, I was curious because I know that in the 1920's, certainly in Massachusetts out in the country, it was unusual to have faucets. A lot of people had pumps to get the water out.*

HARVEY: No, this was not that primitive. It was just on the edge of the town.

*Q: So you had all the facilities?*

HARVEY: We had regular town facilities.

*Q: Did your mother have help in the home?*

HARVEY: She had them sort of coming and going. One of the things of those days that was amusing—twice a year the young woman who made my dresses and various things, always came and spent a whole week with us, to make my clothes. Twice a year. That, I think, had happened already in Buffalo, and then when I went to the country she would come out to the country. That was old times.

*Q: Was that pretty exciting, to have her there making new dresses?*

HARVEY: Well, yes. I liked it because she made some things for my doll house. I didn't care for dolls much. I had a boy doll I liked, and he was a soldier. But I loved doll things, and furniture, and little mats. And she helped with that, too.

*Q: Now, as an only child in a house full of adults you must have had to entertain yourself quite a bit?*

HARVEY: Well, I had neighbors. There was a family who came from Canada soon after we arrived, and I think they had six children, and we had quite a good time together. They had a pony. I always wanted a pony, but we never could afford one. I got a bicycle. My parents had never ridden a bicycle, couldn't teach me, but they got one of the bigger boys in the neighborhood, just on the edge of town, to teach me. His way of teaching me was to

take me to the top of a hill—we lived on the top of a hill—he'd put me on the bicycle and give me a push, and I went wildly down, I suppose with my curls flying, and crashed into a lot of willow bushes, fell off, and got all scratched. I wouldn't go near that bicycle ever again. So I learned nothing. They put it behind the piano and hid it, and tried to make me forget about it for a while, but they had to take it back, eventually, to the store from which it came.

Only later, during the war, when I had a house in France, and I bought second-hand bicycles for two Alsatian boys who were living on my place—and trying to help out—I thought I really ought to learn how to ride a bicycle, and perhaps this was the time. Gasoline was very scarce. So I would learn Sunday afternoons; they would try to teach me—some of my young friends. And all the people who had come out for the weekend would get up from their naps to lean over and watch me take my bicycle lessons. Every time the thing wobbled or anything I would do like this and jump off, you see. I remembered as a child, I'd say, “Oh, a pony wouldn't fall over when it stops, and a bicycle does.” So I never learned to ride a bicycle, because soon after this I was interned. So that was the end of bicycling in my existence.

*Q: Well, that's a closed chapter, bicycling is a closed chapter to you. Did you learn to read early?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, and as I say, I don't really remember when.

*Q: Well, you did say it was Peter Rabbit upside down.*

HARVEY: Yes, and then I was corrected, and it was right side up. But I got along.

*Q: You had memorized the story, then?*

HARVEY: Of course, of course. I was read to constantly by my Aunt Martha. Well, my father and mother read to me, too, but she was always available. I must say, before I went

back at the age of ten to Buffalo, I had dipped into some of my father's big, fat books. One was all about Voltaire, and the other about the painter, Whistler. I remember pouring over these. Exactly what I made of them I don't know now, but I was very much interested in them.

*Q: What kind of books did you like as a child? Can you recall any of them?*

HARVEY: I can recall some of them. I remember those I liked then. Already, at that time, I had read books by du Maurier.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: What was his name?

*Q: Gerald?*

HARVEY: No, it wasn't Gerald. He had a daughter who wrote, but I can't remember it. I think I still have them. One was Trilby.

*Q: Daphne du Maurier's father?*

HARVEY: Daphne du Maurier's father, yes. One was Trilby, and the other one was Peter Ibbetson, I think it was called, and I just practically learned them by heart. I was fascinated by Paris and Trilby. That was fascinating.

*Q: This was very young?*

HARVEY: That was before I went back to Buffalo at the age of ten. Yes, I was a reader from the word “go.” I just adored it; it was the only thing I really enjoyed, much.

*Q: Did you ever read children's books? The Bobbsey Twins and all that sort?*

HARVEY: No, no. That must have been long after my time, I think. I liked, very much, The Lost Prince. The Secret Garden, I loved The Secret Garden. I can't see why children today don't like it.I also had Little Colonel books that were given me. At Christmas the only thing ever wanted, and really the only thing I ever got, were books. I began to read different things.

*Q: What about Grimm's Fairy Tales, and myths and legends, and that sort of thing?*

HARVEY: I had some Grimm's Fairy Tales; I remember that.

*Q: Poetry? Any poetry books?*

HARVEY: Yes, I'm sure I had a lot of poetry books. Oh, one of the nice things in the school I went to in Buffalo, was that we had to learn a poem out of a big fat book with poetry in it, an anthology, every week. We had to say it to a special teacher. I have never had a course in English literature in my life. The headmistress of that school said, “Your families all have libraries. Read.” And she would read to us on Friday afternoons, probably while we knitted or sewed something. Kipling, because she was crazy about Kipling. Reading was my great diversion, and it was just natural.

*Q: Yes. Did you get into things like Dumas, or Dickens, or Jane Austen, or that sort of thing?*

HARVEY: Later on. I can't remember when I read those. Dumas, I think I did, and I think my father didn't quite approve of one of the books. I think I read it anyway. My father was a real intellectual. Oh, and let me see, how old was I when I went down to Harvard with him? I was eight. That was before I went to Buffalo. I was eight years old when I went back to my father's 25th at Harvard, and I led the procession; I was sort of their mascot.

At that time they thought, “Well, we're in New England, this long distance off (and of course, my mother was with us), we must try to find a college for little Constance. We'll

go through by train." Of course, everything was by train. "We'll go to Smith, and we'll go to Vassar, and whatever is on the way home."

So we started out for Smith, but we never got to any other college, because—although I did not tell my parents why—I chose Smith right away. It was because in that lovely summer, June weather, when school was closed, we went all around that town and outside the town in a wonderful streetcar, which was open, without a center aisle, where the conductor came along the platform outside to collect tickets and where you could hang on to the bars with your feet and go up and down as if you were on a roller coaster. I thought, this is where I want to go to college. So I was registered at the age of eight, at college, without anybody really knowing just why. I never went anywhere else.

*Q: You wanted more of that open streetcar.*

HARVEY: Of course, when I went to college it had been gone long before. It disappeared years and years before.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: Croquet. I was grounded because I went for one of my girlfriends with a croquet mallet. That was when I was out in East Aurora. Yes, for about, oh, a couple of weeks I wasn't allowed off the property. Why, a terrible thing could have happened. But I can't remember much of any other game. There were games.

*Q: Did they play cowboys and Indians, that type of rough game?*

HARVEY: I had a tent. It wasn't very rough. We weren't very rough.

*Q: You weren't a tomboy?*

HARVEY: Yes, I was. Trees. I was in trees the whole time.

*Q: And did you read in trees?*

HARVEY: I can't remember. It's a little difficult to get a book up a tree.

*Q: Yes. Did you ever engage in imaginary games, such as putting on playlets, and things like that? Pretending you were . . .*

HARVEY: Yes. I'd forgotten all about that. I think so. I remember we cooked up a wedding. Children always do this, apparently. There's something about a white veil. I walked with a little, tiny boy down into the meadow, or something like that. We thought up things, yes. Some of the parents thought that was too imaginative; they didn't think the children were being led in the right direction by that.

*Q: This was a mixed lot of neighbor children I guess? Boys and girls both?*

HARVEY: Yes. I have very faint recollections. Yes, it was both. Not large numbers, there weren't so many children out there. A couple of winters we left our house there in East Aurora and went down to a townhouse. We rented it for the winter, because it was easier for my father to get to the railway station. Years later, when I went out to my fourth or fifth post, at Zurich, my chief there—at one time—was the son of the lady whose house we lived in during the winter in East Aurora. Isn't that amazing?

*Q: What a coincidence.*

HARVEY: It was a coincidence. Also, one of the other officers was also from Buffalo. Just happened.

*Q: That is curious, because it was a small service then, wasn't it?*

HARVEY: Eight hundred people. When I got into the service there were just about 800 officers in the service, and either I knew them all within a short time, or I knew all about them. It was quite a different world. Yes, World War II changed everything.

*Q: Yes, it did, didn't it? One thing I'd like to ask you about—Did you have any serious illnesses when you were young?*

HARVEY: Well, I had whooping cough when I was very young, but then my real serious illness I had later in Paris. You see, I went abroad later on, after I finished high school and had passed the college boards. I went with my mother. I got a French government scholarship, to go to the Lyc#e des Jeunes Filles. I already spoke French fluently when I got to France the first time, because of my French teacher, who had never learned any English to amount to anything, which was good. I was out in this girl's boarding school in Beauvais. This was when I was 17. My mother stayed out in Beauvais in a hotel for a little while, but then she sort of gave up and went to live in Paris, and I went in most weekends to see her. It was quite an experience, living in a girl's school in France in those days.

*Q: Was it?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, goodness gracious. Well, let's see, what shall I say about that school? Are you interested in that?

*Q: I am, very much, but how did you happen to find this Lyc#e des Jeunes Filles?*

HARVEY: I went on this French scholarship, which I'd applied for, a French government scholarship, and they sent you. They didn't send me to the one in Paris, which I'm sure I preferred. I was sent out to Beauvais, which, of course, was a beautiful medieval city. Wonderful, even an 8th century church, and the tallest cathedral in the world! That was the great center for Beauvais tapestry. Wonderful. A fascinating experience. But this boarding school comes back to me now. We had to be in bed at a certain hour, of course, with the lights out. We slept in cubicles, not dormitories, at least the older children did. There was

never any toilet paper in the johns; you carried it in your pocket. And we had a wash-basin in each cubicle, but I never had time to wash more than one foot before the lights went out—and my face. I never could do more than—I'd do right foot one night, and left the next. We were allowed showers every two weeks and a bath every month, I think. I was learning—of course, I did know French—but I took a lot of work in French, translating. I translated quite a lot of Oscar Wilde into French, I remember. And courses in French literature, of course.

I was not required to wear a uniform like all the other girls wore. I could wear a tablier, a great big apron thing, over my regular clothes. I was the only foreigner, except for two English girls who had been there for several years and spoke French fluently! At a small distance away, when they were speaking French, you would have thought they were speaking English. They had no ear for it at all! They never got it. A young Japanese married woman came to try to learn some French there, but she didn't learn much.

I went weekends to my mother, who was living at a nice club near the Champs-Elys#es. We had tea dances, Sunday afternoons. Young Frenchmen were invited there, and there I met my first French boyfriend and his brother, who became close friends for many, many years. After I'd been about five months in the Lyc#e, I became desperately ill, and got a disease which doesn't exist anymore because of antibiotics. It was not pneumonia, it was pleurisy—what they called a “wet” pleurisy. It was emphysema. I was rushed by ambulance to the American hospital in Paris because I was dying. I was, it was terribly painful. I knew I was dying, and I knew if I got to the American hospital all would be well. And I was delighted to get out of the school! Just delighted. I was two and a half months in the American hospital, in Paris. I enjoyed practically every minute of it! That was my big—my biggest illness—I guess, until recently. In any case, I fell into the hands of one of the greatest surgeons in Europe.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Yes, Thierry de Martel. He really invented plastic surgery, cosmetic surgery. This was not very long after the end of World War I, you realize. It was 1922.

*Q: Yes, I see that, '22. What was his first name, again? I don't think it registered very well.*

HARVEY: I don't know what his first name was. The whole name was Thierry, T-h-i-e-r-r-y de Martel. He was so wonderful. He had to make a very long incision in my back and put in drains. Because there was no other way. You know, the pus was horrible. I had to sit up for two and a half months; I couldn't lie down. Oh, I had all kinds of contraptions and one thing or another. But I had such a good time after I got there—after I was operated on. It had been agony before; I couldn't stop coughing, it was awful. I thought I'd cough my head off.

*Q: It must have been so painful.*

HARVEY: It was very painful, a very painful thing. With antibiotics, of course, it doesn't exist anymore. But I still have his signature on my back! He was a marvelous man, and he'd had a very tragic life.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Yes, he committed suicide when the Germans entered Paris, in the Second World War.

*Q: He'd just seen too much?*

HARVEY: I knew what the story was. I heard about that from people who were going to drive him south, you see. They said he had given them a poison pill, and he had one of them. He called them up and he said, “I'm going to take mine today.” This was just as the Germans were entering.

And they said, “Don't, don't. We are going to drive to the south. Go with us. “And he said, “No, no,” and he hung up. And that was the end of it. But I knew what his life had been; he'd had a very unhappy life.

I forgot to say that my French teacher at The Franklin School in Buffalo remembered the siege of Paris in 1871, when she was a little girl, and there was nothing to eat, and you paid a large price for a mouse or a rat to eat. And people ate birds! She could remember that. Years later, after she went back to live in France, I and a boy from Buffalo, who had also been her student, went to see her.

*Q: You went back and saw her then?*

HARVEY: When I was living in Paris.

*Q: She'd retired?*

HARVEY: Yes, she went back to France.

*Q: Was she happy in her country?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, I guess so. Whether she had any relatives or not I have no idea.

*Q: Sometimes when people go away for a long time and then go back, they miss the country they had adopted, so to speak.*

HARVEY: Not French women.

*Q: Not French women?*

HARVEY: At least, perhaps, today that would be true; but usually they were very bad exports, French women. A lot of the war marriages—the French women—they went home.

But I think that has changed a great deal. Travel has changed the French a tremendous amount.

*Q: You think it has?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, they travel now, a lot.

*Q: They're not quite so "chauvinist."*

HARVEY: Not anywhere near as much. We just had a fascinating young man from France, here in Lexington.

*Q: Did your parents feel strongly about your school—they preferred you to go to an all-girl's school for your formative years?*

HARVEY: Actually, I think it was our family physician, who was almost like a second father to me. He was wonderful about my mother, who became a serious invalid. He said, "This is a wonderful school. You ought to put little Constance in this school. It's a very, very good school; one of the best places to get an education you can imagine." And he was right. That was why they picked it; besides, we lived right across the street from the school. I mean I had to go up and walk a block down, because most of the children were brought by chauffeurs, and they would never have permitted—in the worst weather in Buffalo—to be brought to the door of the school; they left them off in the snow and the sleet, at the top of the street, and they had to walk down. So I had to walk up to walk down to go to school. We were never allowed to wear silk stockings, of course, ever and we were never allowed to wear colored hair ribbons, except on our birthdays. If somebody had a great big ribbon, you knew it was her birthday.

It was run, almost, as if it were a—not a day school—but a regular boarding school. Every child had to be in bed at a certain time, and on Fridays there were ten points that had to reported on. The way the headmistress got all these families to cooperate was fantastic.

We were never allowed to go out for lunch with a girl, or have a girl in. It had to be reported if we did. We were never allowed to go out in the evening, any evenings, to anything at all—concerts, or plays or anything, or stay over night at another girl's house, except on Fridays and Saturdays. In other words, all school nights you had to be in bed—every class had a different hour to get into bed. And by golly we did it! It was really amazing.

*Q: Was there a lot of homework?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. Oh, yes, there was. I took it home and I worked on my homework every minute until I got into bed. Plenty of it!

*Q: Did you enjoy history when you were in school?*

HARVEY: Let me see, did I ever have any history in school? Miss Keyes, the headmistress, taught history and I wasn't in her class, because she taught it in the last year—I used to listen to the class sometimes. But I didn't have any history there. I can't remember where I had history.

*Q: Mathematics?*

HARVEY: Oh, I adored geometry, but I hated algebra. I've never been very good at mathematics. But we had a perfectly fascinating way of learning geometry. I don't understand why it isn't done for all children. We had a little book which had no diagrams in it. It was about a quarter of an inch thick, and it was called “inventional geometry”. I had this in the 8th grade.

*Q: Inventional?*

HARVEY: Inventional geometry. It was only a series of questions, and there were no answers. You had to figure out all the answers yourself. You were given paper and ruler and a compass, and that was that. The first question was—I remember what the first question was—”How would you divide a line into two equal parts?” You had to figure it out

and explain why, how you knew it was right. Then it got harder and harder and harder. We invented the whole thing ourselves: the whole Euclid. This was the teacher I was so fond of; she taught this, too. Why don't they teach it? I was obliged, in high school, to take Euclid, to take geometry. Oh, I could do these faster—I could read them, you know, I could just rip them off like that, because I'd already invented them.

*Q: What a wonderful idea.*

HARVEY: Yes, I had no problem with that, and I loathed algebra and had to be tutored in it. I just didn't like it, but the other was absolutely fascinating. Why they don't do that I don't know. I didn't get into solid geometry.

*Q: What about sciences?*

HARVEY: We had no sciences at that school. That was too bad that we didn't; we had none, nothing at all. I can't remember anything at all about it. I had to take two sciences at college, of course.

*Q: After the Lyc#e de Beauvais you were ill?*

HARVEY: I was in the hospital, yes, but I had a wonderful time, because these two French boys came to see me. They would take turns every other day. My mother would come to see me. I liked it, I enjoyed it, and I read a lot of different things. I got a terribly high temperature once reading one of the plays. I can't remember what it was, but I was so thrilled by it, all in French. It was a wonderful hospital, because it was such a small hospital with a beautiful garden.

*Q: Was this at Neuilly?*

HARVEY: At Neuilly, yes, on the property where the American hospital is still, but of course it was quite a small building at that time. I remember my surgeon who had done me was so wonderful. There was a terrible accident, almost in front of the house. They

brought in a woman whose face was just almost obliterated. They said he worked and worked and worked on her for hours and put everything back in place, even her hair line—everything. He remolded her nose, everything. This is the kind of hands I fell into.

*Q: I suppose he had learned many of his techniques because of the war—the French soldiers?*

HARVEY: That's where he learned it, in the first world war.

*Q: Well, there seems to be a gap here. 1923, and then . . .*

HARVEY: I was still in France in 1923.

*Q: Yes, and then you went to the Sorbonne directly?*

HARVEY: Well, let me see, what happened was, after I got out of the hospital we went down—my mother and I—and had a summer in the Pyren#es. In the autumn—I can't remember just which month, my father came over. The poor thing had been very lonesome without his two ladies, and he came over and spent a nice long vacation with us.

We took a train and went to Italy. That was thrilling. I remember arriving at Stresa, the first place in Italy was Stresa. Then we went on to Milan. Little did I know that one day I should live there for seven years. We went to various places.

*Q: So you went to Stresa, and Milan, and then to Florence, you said.*

HARVEY: Yes, and I saw—this is in 1922—I saw—no it must have been 1923—I saw Mussolini enter Florence for the first time.

*Q: You did?*

HARVEY: Yes. I remember him, distinctly, standing up in an open car, open automobile. The streets were lined with people, not enthusiastically. They were afraid of him. He had

not been to Florence before. The march on Rome, when he took over the government, had been in '22, but this was his first appearance in Florence. And they were really sort of cowed. It was really an extraordinary sort of thing; I remember that distinctly. Then, of course, I lived seven years under fascism later. Of course, he became very popular later. We spent one month in a perfectly beautiful villa outside of Florence with a marvelous garden, and a little bus that took us down to town for sightseeing. Some days it was so lovely we just walked in the country. That was a lovely beginning with Italy.

*Q: Yes. Did you go to all of the wonderful sights in Florence?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, we went to see everything in Florence. We went from there, I think, to Rome. I don't have much memory about where we went after that. And on to Naples. We stayed on the sea front in Naples. There was snow all over the top of Vesuvius. It was very strange, because it was then December. My father had told me how he had been there as a boy, because he spent a long vacation after he left college—after graduating from Harvard—he went abroad for a year with two other boys, led by their mentor, whose first name was Ray, which is my middle name.

*Q: Is that why that's your middle name?*

HARVEY: That's why.

*Q: That's how much he thought of him.*

HARVEY: Yes, he was one of my father's teachers. Then we went from—we took a ship—and went to Tunis, stopping in Taormina, I think, or just over—one of the Sicilian ports, I don't remember which. We were in Tunis. On the way across there was a terrible storm. I picked up a lovely American boyfriend on the ship, whom I knew for a number of years.

*Q: What was Tunis like then?*

HARVEY: Oh, it was fascinating. We arrived, I guess, the day after Christmas, because it was Christmas day when we were actually on the water. Women were still wearing the veil. We stayed at a very nice hotel, and not very far away there was a fairly good sized French Department store. There's one in Paris like it, a branch, with all kinds of lovely lady's underwear in the window. My father thought it was lots of fun to go and watch the Tunisian ladies in their veils staring at all this beautiful underwear. He thought it was a lovely sort of picture.

*Q: Was there a large foreign colony there?*

HARVEY: I don't think so; I don't know. We weren't there very long, we were there about ten days, I think.

*Q: Did it seem pretty exotic to you?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, it did. I remember a bit more of the journey by train to Algiers. We went to Algiers after we'd had a good visit there. Oh, in Tunis my mother and I went and saw the ladies unveiled, on a Thursday, in one of the cemeteries. The cemeteries would be open for the ladies to go in to the graves, and they would take off their veils because only a eunuch was in charge of the cemetery. That didn't matter, so they took off their veils, and we saw a few unveiled ladies. We went to a wonderful museum, on the shore, I remember. I came back with a plastic replica of something from there that I carried around in my arms for years. I don't remember much more about that trip. We went by train to Algiers, where we had a terrible breakdown of the heating system. It was awfully cold.

*Q: Was it a very tiny little train, narrow gauge, uncomfortable train?*

HARVEY: I don't remember. We went by way of Constantine. It was a long, whole day's trip, a fairly long journey.

*Q: Oh, yes indeed, from Tunis, yes.*

HARVEY: We were at Algiers about a week, I guess.

*Q: That was very French in those days, wasn't it?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes indeed, very French. It had been French longer than Nice. I remember my mother and father dancing to the tune of the Blue Danube together; I thought that was very amusing. I think this young American also appeared at that place; I think he did. It was there where I learned about Morocco and Fez, and I was mad to go to Fez, because an Englishman from there, who had been all over the Far East, said, “It's the most exotic place I've ever been, even more than the Far East. You must go.”

Well, there was no way to go; there was no railway that took you to Fez, and it was terribly expensive to hire a car. My father said that was out of the question. So it was only 40 years later I was to go to Fez, which I think is still one of the most fascinating cities—places—I've ever been.

*Q: It's really medieval, isn't it?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes.

HARVEY: That was a winter trip. We went back and stayed a little while in Nice, and my father took a ship to go back to the United States, leaving his ladies behind him. My mother and I finally went back to Paris. My mother stayed at the Hotel Lut#cia, and I stayed with her part of the time.

*Q: Lut#cia?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes; yes indeed. Then I started going to the Sorbonne, for young foreigners, really. I took all the examinations and everything there, and I remember the oral examinations. A lady had to take her oral exams with a hat on, and gloves.

*Q: Do you remember traveling in those days? Was it pretty inconvenient, with all of the luggage you had to take?*

HARVEY: Well, of course, one took steamer trunks. I remember even much later than that. They were shipped around; you could get them shipped around. Nowadays it's hopeless. You can't get a porter anywhere, they don't exist. We traveled, of course, by train. I never had a car; we never had any cars at that time in France. I was there until, I guess, the middle of summer, almost autumn, because I came back in 1924 to go to Smith College. After we landed in New York and were there a few days, I got on a train and went up to college.

*Q: When you were at the Sorbonne, was it mainly literature you were studying?*

HARVEY: Well, we had history and literature and art. I had two courses in literature; two different courses in literature, and one in history, and one in art.

*Q: I presume that while you were in France you certainly had the opportunity to visit the Louvre and to go out to Versailles and Chantilly, and so forth?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, all those places I've been to, back and forth. Of course, I've been there later on, too.

*Q: Do you have an interest in art?*

HARVEY: Yes, I always have.

*Q: Architecture?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, architecture. My father did not want to be a lawyer; his mother made him be a lawyer. He wanted to be an architect. He was always fascinated by architecture,

and I inherited . . . His mother was one of those difficult women, I think. “No son of mine shall be anything but a minister or a lawyer.”

*Q: Oh, I see. That's what the family had always been, ministers and lawyers?*

HARVEY: I don't know about her family. My grandfather, my father's father, was not that. He manufactured carriages.

He manufactured beautiful carriages, which were still—some of them existed in Buffalo when I was growing up. About two still existed.

I never knew him; he died long before I was born. Afterward there was an automotive place that called itself the “Harvey Body Company,” which had evidently been sort of a descendant of his original business. He had made himself a fairly good little tidy fortune, so that my father didn't lack for money. I wouldn't say he was a rich man's son, but he wasn't interested in making money, really, so we never had a great deal, not really.

*Q: Were your mother's people—that is, her male forbears—professional people, too?*

HARVEY: I don't know what my grandfather did. He had something to do with the railroad. I don't think so. I really don't know. See, I never knew him.

*Q: Well I suppose the first pioneers there probably had their own farms, didn't they?*

HARVEY: They had their farms in New Hampshire, but when he came to Buffalo they lived in the city. I don't think they lived out in the country. My father's mother had lived in a small village outside of Buffalo. She was the second wife of my paternal grandfather. My father, as far as I know, was the first professional person in the line. I don't know all about all of the others, although I've got a pretty good idea—I've got all the documentation of the people. I found all the Harveys and their graves when I got over to Sutton; just masses of them.

*Q: Thick as blackberries.*

HARVEY: Thick as blackberries. But the Le Gross, my mother's people, were more mysterious; I never knew exactly where they came from. It's funny. The earliest one that they ever remembered anything about, I think he was a doctor. His name was Samuel. But beyond that we couldn't go.

*Q: It's curious, isn't it, that people in America, by-and-large, do not go in much for searching out ancestors?*

HARVEY: Well, my father found out about all of his. He knew more about his. He had a cousin who had a job—a very distant cousin—who had a job in the Federal Archives. She sort of took it upon herself to find out all about the Harveys, and she did. I had an ancestor who fought in the Revolution, and one who fought in the Union Army, also. I found out about him, but we didn't worry about it very much.

*Q: No, no. Americans look ahead, they don't look back, I guess. Tell me about Smith.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. I went there as a freshman in 1924. After I'd been there a couple of months—of course, I hadn't chosen a major yet, because you don't right away—I was called to the Dean's office. They said, “Well, we see you are already involved in a very advanced course in French literature and in French composition. We have given you the credits for all the pre-requisites for these courses.” When they were added up, it was practically one whole year. They said, “If you really want to, you can graduate in three years, if you take one other course.” You see, after all, I'd been out. Two years out, between getting it. So I did; I was only three years at Smith. I was not particularly keen about going back to Smith.

*Q: You weren't?*

HARVEY: No, I wanted very much to go into the dressmaking business in Paris. I had an invitation to join a very nice young woman who had a very fine, small establishment off the Avenue de l'Opera. She started by making me a few dresses, and then she wondered if she, perhaps, couldn't lure me into getting into the dressing business. Because I was interested. I thought that would be wonderful. I think she thought my father, probably—an American—would be very wealthy, and would be very helpful.

But my father was very sly about that. He never said absolutely no to it, although he did say no to things to me. This time he didn't. He said, “I think, Constance, you ought to go back. You're all registered in Smith, you have been since you were eight years old. Think of all the customers you would make if you wanted to go back and go into the business afterward in Paris. That would be a very good investment.” I thought that was pretty clever. So I did; and of course, I forgot all about the dressmaking business in Paris.

I was never that wild about college. I enjoyed it. I didn't like my first year much; I found it pretty darn boring, after Paris.

*Q: Oh, I can imagine—Northampton, Massachusetts.*

HARVEY: Well, yes, and the girls seemed very immature to me. Some were. By that time I was pretty sophisticated, or thought I was. And, see, I really took my mother to Paris. Really I did, not the other way around. In any case, I had some men friends who came from away. Oh, I've forgotten to mention the fact that before I went abroad at all, I'd already fallen madly in love when I was just barely turned seventeen. That was a very large part of my life for a great many years. He was then in Harvard Med. I never had anything to do with high school boys. You didn't in those days. When I was thirteen I was already going around with college men.

*Q: Oh, I see!*

HARVEY: When they came home, you know. These children—no one was involved with them. There was very little of that, even with other girls. Well, there were some, I had girlfriends in Buffalo who went out with boys at that time, but I thought it was childish. I had a—the brother of my best friend, who was two years older than I—he was very young in college. Of course, I saw him and all his friends, and everybody who came up to Buffalo. They were always around.

This other young man I had met in a place I was staying, near New York—a friend's house near New York. He came up from Harvard Medical School to see me, and I went down to see him, and that was nice. There were other people who appeared occasionally. I was not overrun with people; I wouldn't go out with the nearby boys, like Amherst. I have a great respect for Amherst today, but in those days it was just, you know, those boys around the corner. You had to go to someplace—New York, Harvard or Yale. I had a Yalie who came up to see me, too, but that didn't begin so much during that first year. It was a little dull. The next year was better; there was more of that.

I really began to work hard my third year, and then I really liked it. I had to work some of the other years, too, but I didn't put great strain on it to begin with. I liked one of my science courses that I had to take, and which I chose because it left the weekend free. It was comparative anatomy; it was a pre-med course. It was one of the best courses I've ever had. It was a woman who taught it, who really was an expert teacher. We had a wonderful time identifying bones we'd dig up in the country to find out what animals they belonged to. We dissected creatures, and one thing or another. I enjoyed that; I found it absolutely fascinating. I learned all about what a skeleton was like, and everything. I've kind of forgotten now.

*Q: Were you working toward anything? Did you have some goals in mind? Or were you just enjoying yourself?*

HARVEY: I wanted to get through college. I don't think, at that time, I had any particular goals, except getting through college, the first year or so. Oh, I didn't major in French because I'd already had it, practically the whole French major. I majored in Italian. I'd been in Italy with my parents, and I knew a little Italian, and I'd read one book in Italian. Italian, after you've had Latin, is pretty easy, really. You know, Milton said once, “Everybody should take a day off sometime to learn Italian.”

*Q: “Take a day off to learn Italian.”*

HARVEY: Well, it is, it's quite easy. It has a wonderful literature; magnificent, wonderful literature. I did Dant# with a wonderful, wonderful teacher. Years later, when I lived in Italy, I was a member of the Societa Dantesca, which had wonderful lecturers.People would spout, you know, great orations; they knew cantos by heart, and all kinds of things on all kinds of topics. It was fascinating. That was my major I spent most of my life—of my first two years—doing required courses. There were an awful lot of things like that that you had to take and they took up a great deal of the time.

*Q: You were a good student?*

HARVEY: Yes, well, yes, I was a good student. I had an awful time with chemistry, but I got through it all right. I got a Phi Beta Kappa Key.

*Q: Oh, you did. Well!*

HARVEY: Well, I think it was quite a remarkable thing that I did. I very thankful because it meant—the girls in the house were very thankful—because it meant that I had to treat them to an enormous raspberry and ice cream dinner. Everybody in the house had to be treated by any Phi Beta's. They had a big party and the whole house had to be entertained at it, so that was fun. I wasn't a junior; that was senior year.

I liked other courses. I think I took medieval history; I've forgotten, but I think I must have. It certainly went with my Italian. I did a course in creative writing which I enjoyed. That was not a very long course; I enjoyed that.

*Q: Can you remember anything you wrote?*

HARVEY: Do I remember anything about it?

*Q: Any of the sort of things you wrote?*

HARVEY: Well, I did write a story, but I'm afraid I don't know what's become of it. Yes, I wrote a story, but it didn't get published. I didn't even get it to be published. I had a couple of things published in the college magazine. But I was beginning to think I wanted to do things that had to do with international relations. That I was already thinking. I was trying to remember—when I was back in Buffalo, I went to see Bishop Charles Henry Brent. He was a famous Bishop in the Episcopal church. He was always called “the Bishop from western New York,” because he was practically never in his diocese. He was usually in Europe, organizing things in Europe for what became the World Council of Churches.

*Q: You had been raised Episcopalian?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, I was raised Episcopalian. I was confirmed in the Episcopal church. My mother was an Episcopalian; my father was not. I don't know for sure, I think maybe my father was originally a Baptist. He was a great Bible scholar, but he didn't go to church very much. He went occasionally, with us, always at Christmas and things like that, but we were not very strenuous church-goers. I went fairly regularly to Sunday School. I was indeed an Episcopalian. I didn't go to church very much when I was in college, but I did later on. I came back to the church later on, thanks to great help.Bishop Brendt used to go and live, practically, in Lausanne a large part of his time. He knew everything. He heard that I wanted to think about things—I didn't exactly think about foreign service—but something to do with foreign affairs, because I knew French and Italian, and I knew quite

a bit of German by that time and I enjoyed it. I had been abroad, and I thought I should do something about it. He said, “I think you should go to a school I know a lot about, which runs in the summer, in Geneva. It is run by a rather remarkable man called Alfred Zimmern.” He had been the head of a section—for the United Nations—no, it was the League of Nations in those days—the head of what was called The International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation. He ran this school mostly for young people who were going into the diplomatic services of different countries, he and his French wife.

*Q: How do you spell his name?*

HARVEY: Z.i.m.m.e.r.n. He was an Oxford Don. He wrote a book about the Greek commonwealth which was very well known, but he also ran this school and he'd been the head of this organization. He and his wife ran the school; she was French and she was a devil, but fascinating. He had all of the—practically all of the lecturers were the famous people from the League of Nations. One of them was Salvador de Maderiaga. Do you know who that is?

*Q: No, I don't.*

HARVEY: I can spell his name for you, I've got several of his books downstairs. Well, he was a famous Spaniard. I'd only known two Spaniards in my life until a few years ago, and he was one of them. He had been the head of the disarmament commission for a number of years, and he was a brilliant lecturer. He was one of the most—if not the most—brilliant lecturer I've ever heard. He was married to an English woman, called Constance, which didn't hurt me. She wasn't with him, though. He was a tiny little man—a little, short man with little, short legs. He would sit on the desk, facing his students, and talk and talk, and then he would suddenly fold his legs and sit crosswise on the desk, you see. Never a note in his hand, and he went through all kinds of fascinating historical and international things. He was wonderful. I've heard him speak later, in New York, and he was still just an absolutely magnificent speaker. His English was absolutely impeccable. Well, with an

English wife. Who knows what other languages he knew? He really was remarkable. I was fascinated by him. There were other very good people.

I first stayed in a pension outside of Geneva, sort of outside on the outskirts, so I had to walk past the monument of the Reformation every day to class. I felt I couldn't do that day after day; it was so grim, those great, granite faces of John Knox and all the rest of them. I finally gave up and joined a little group which was living in what was a boys' boarding school during the year. It was also on the outskirts, but I didn't have to walk past all the Reformation creatures on my way to school. It was run by the Swiss for different international students. It was to get us all together, you see, and have us all meet different people of different nationalities, not only when we'd go to class, but also have bed and board there.

Well, unfortunately, being Swiss—I love the Swiss, but they're practical, for the price of it, and it was not expensive, you had to choose between butter with your meals or no butter with your meals, and tea or coffee for breakfast. The Americans all chose coffee and butter with their meals, so they were all segregated. I didn't like that; I wanted to be with the people from New Zealand and Poland and so forth. I thought just sitting with a bunch of Americans was ridiculous, so I chose tea and no butter. The butter eaters were never allowed to go and sit with the tea drinkers, or vice versa. That was a little odd division.

*Q: Isn't that an odd division!*

HARVEY: An odd division, but that's the way life is. That is where I met one of my friends who became one of my closest friends and almost a sister to me. Her name, you must get it down, was Nelle Stogsdahl. She was one of the first—she was the third—the third Foreign Service woman officer. Nelle and I had another friend that we got to know very well; I'd known her in Buffalo, called Kitty. Kitty had sort of thought about the Foreign Service—going into the Foreign Service. I don't know why, but she had sent for copies of

the examinations, and Nelle and I looked these over and we became very serious about this.

Kitty got less and less serious, and in the end just went and married an Austrian boy, and lived in Vienna. She didn't do the Foreign Service, but Nelle did; she got in the year before I did. In any case, we decided we were going to try for it. When we left the summer school, in 1927, I decided—Nelle did too—that we'd better do something to prepare ourselves more than we were already.

I decided I wanted to go to Columbia Law School; that's where my father had gone. I don't think he got a degree, but he studied there and then took the New York bar. In any case, I wanted to go there, and Nelle said she did, too. She wanted to live in New York. One day, when we got back to the United States, we went to see the head of the law department. It was a Friday afternoon, late. There were two gentlemen. They said, “Oh, well, we don't take women.”

“But,” I said, “you have.”

“Well,” he said, “we let some Barnard girls in, but we don't take women in the Columbia Law School.”

So I said, “Oh, I wanted to come here so badly. My father went here.”

“No, we don't take women.”

I looked at them, and I said, “You know, Nelle, it's too bad. We'll just have to go to Yale. We know Yale takes women.”These men looked at each other and said, “Come back and see us on Monday.” They must have had an emergency meeting, because on Monday they took us! So we did go to Columbia Law School together! That was, also, a great two years of my life.

*Q: You also did a few other things in here, apparently. You went to the Williamstown Institute of Politics?*

HARVEY: Yes, that was one of the summers, when I was at the law school. Borchard, who was from Yale, ran that up in Williamstown. It had a lot to do with consular affairs. Law of consuls. I think it was called The Law of Consuls, or something like that. It seemed to be right down my alley. That was a summer school thing. But Columbia Law was really fascinating, and I had two wonderful professors. One really did help me, I'm sure, in a way to get into the Foreign Service. That was Charles Cheney Hyde, who had been the legal advisor to the State Department for years before he retired and went to teach at Columbia. He was quite deaf and wouldn't wear any hearing aid, which was always very fascinating.

Then I had, also, one of the great teachers of my life. He was, oh wait a minute—he taught Admiralty Law—Philip Jessup. He taught law by the case method; no text. We went through all of this with him and a book which he had xeroxed for us. There wasn't any text, you see, just a series of cases. I remember we said to each other, we must try to be true to the Philip Jessups of this world. I don't know if we always were. I'm sure Nelle was.

*Q: But you tried, anyway. So Philip Jessup was a very important person.*

HARVEY: Strangely enough, you know, he was not in favor of our entering World War II. Hyde wasn't either. Both of them. I saw them, I think, in Basel. I was in Basel when the war broke out in '39. They went back to try to see if they could—the United States—couldn't do something to mediate it in some way. But that I could not understand. I think I understand, now. I don't really know, but he may have been a Quaker. I'm a great admirer of the Quakers; in the first place, I was interned with quite a number of them.

*Q: Were you?*

HARVEY: Yes. And I feel that they are some of the most practical, and idealistic people at the same time, that I've ever come across. They're remarkable people. They really

are wonderful people. I think that may have had something to do with his thoughts at the beginning. That was the early part of the war, of course.

*Q: Certainly, most of his countrymen were with him and opposed to our entering the war. There was a very, very large—well, the majority of Americans—didn't want to enter the war.*

HARVEY: I was in England in the summer of '39. I was over there for a short holiday. One of the things I remember distinctly hearing later—that Hitler had been told by Ribbentrop when Ribbentrop went to England—I don't know whether he was there as ambassador or just took a trip there, as foreign minister, I think—that England was not going to fight. There'd been all the business about the Clivedon set, and all that.

I was in England in '39 for a few weeks. I've never lived in England, ever, but I've visited there very often. I knew that England was already—they were not prepared, at all—but they certainly were going to fight, and there was no doubt about it whatsoever. All the people were against it—at Oxford, and everything. You could just feel it in the air, that it was not going to be that way at all. It's awful to have some ambassador, or observer come back and tell a government what it wants to hear. That's what happened to our people who were put out of the China service.

*Q: Exactly! Kill the messenger that brings the bad news.*

HARVEY: There was no doubt at all. It might have made a difference, you know. In fact, I've heard some experts, historians, talk on the subject, say that Hitler really wanted to dominate the continent and then turn to the East; that's what he really wanted. He really did not want to fight England at all.Apparently this is one of the theories.

*Q: He certainly went lunging into Russia, didn't he?*

HARVEY: I remember the day.

*Q: That's a very interesting thought. You took your degree—your record says that you took a Master of Arts degree at Columbia.*

HARVEY: Yes, I did.

*Q: Not a law degree?*

HARVEY: It was a Master's, not a Ph.D., no, it was a Master's.

*Q: But in law, was it?*

HARVEY: Yes, in law, at the law school. It was constitutional law and international law, and so forth.

*Q: That must have been very good preparation?*

HARVEY: Yes, you see, after all, the kind of education I'd had before was not exactly a very practical one. I took a course in music, appreciation of music, and Italian, and what have you, all those lovely things, but it wasn't exactly what I thought I needed to put my teeth into. I was two years at Columbia, and Nelle was only one. She took the exams the year before I did. Then, of course, she was sent to Beirut, where she met her fate and married.

*Q: He was a Foreign Service officer?*

HARVEY: He was an English Foreign Service officer.

*Q: Oh, he was the Englishman, in the English Foreign Service? I believe she is still living, isn't she?*

HARVEY: No. After her death he came twice to see me, but he—John's died, too. They were two of my closest friends. Nelle was like a sister to me. They were very, very close

friends, always. She was killed in an accident. She was such a lovely person, and brilliant—a brilliant girl. She would have done wonderfully in the service. She was so mad because she thought she was going to get away with it, to stay in the Service. But she said, “After all, we just had to marry each other.”

She spent quite a number of years with him in the Near East. I think after Beirut they went to Baghdad. They went to several places in Persia at that time. How I wish I'd gone out to see them before it went to pieces. They both came by my way on their way out to somewhere when I was stationed in Milan.

*Q: She was highly thought of. Homer Calkins mentions her.*

HARVEY: I stayed with them after I came back from being interned. The last months I was in this country I stayed with them. She put me on the plane—secret orders—and didn't know where I was going. She wore the hat I'd brought her. We saw each other after the war. We saw a lot of each other. Her children came to see me in Strasbourg and other places.

*Q: That's one thing I must ask you. All of these boyfriends you had—the Frenchman, and the American boy from Harvard medical—you weren't interested in getting married?*

HARVEY: I sure would have been interested in that Harvard medical man.

*Q: But that just wasn't to be?*

HARVEY: It wasn't to be, no. I broke it off. He married a lovely girl, too. I didn't know her, but I know who she was. I'd already broken off everything. At that time I'd really decided I was going to go to the Foreign Service. That was it. Oh, there have been comings and goings; who knows? But that is another story.

*Q: That's another story, yes. Tell me about—you took the examination, and you passed.*

HARVEY: I went to Crawford's—I went to Crawford's Cram School.

*Q: Where's Crawford's Cram School? I've never heard of it.*

HARVEY: Oh, it went out of existence long ago. Angus McDonald Crawford—you never heard of Crawford's Cram School?

*Q: No.*

HARVEY: It was run in Georgetown, in his front parlor and dining room, which were thrown together. In those days that was the place to go to get really prepared for the examinations. Nelle had gone there and gotten in, and that was good. I had visited her, and so I did. I went there in the fall of '29, and started at Crawford's. Crawford didn't think I was going to get in; I don't know why he didn't think so. He had several girls there, and he didn't think any of us were going to get in. He was quite sure we weren't. I was quite sure I was! So I did.

My father died, very suddenly, of a heart attack, but he'd had heart attacks. He died the first month I was at Crawford's. I went up to the funeral. After I was ten days back in Buffalo for the funeral, I came back to finish at Crawford and take the written exams. My father was very supportive of my going into the Foreign Service. He had always, from my really young days, said, “I want you to marry, but I do not want you to marry for the worst of all reasons; that is, economic reasons. You've got to be able to support yourself. I want you to be absolutely able to support yourself, because you must be free to choose not to do it for that reason.” He had always pushed me in that direction. And I think, today, this is something every father should do for every girl, and they do, I think. It's considered normal. It wasn't that normal in those days.

*Q: It wasn't then; most fathers couldn't wait to get their daughters off their hands.*

HARVEY: Yes, exactly. In fact, he was terrified that I might marry one of the sons of one of his very wealthy friends.

*Q: Oh, really?*

HARVEY: He was terrified that I would. I could have had two Frank Lloyd Wright houses if I had, but it wasn't worth it.

*Q: No, too high a price to pay. That must have been a very great loss to you, being as close to your father as you were?*

HARVEY: It was. It was a shock. Of course, we knew he had this heart business, but it was—I realized at that time, I felt, “I'll never again really have someone to protect me.” I don't know why, but that came into my mind like that. “I've got to make it, somehow.” And I got through it. I remember taking the exams. It was freezing, cold weather, and it was very icy. We went up steps into some sort of horrible, little temporary building to take these examinations. I remember one of my fellow students holding me up so both of us didn't fall down flat on our faces as we went in. What did we take with us? We took something in with us; I can't remember what.

*Q: Books? Perhaps little notebooks?*

HARVEY: I don't remember. We had something in our hands.

*Q: How long did these examinations last, in 1929?*

HARVEY: Three days. We had 17 examinations, I think, all together. I think it was 17. There were all kinds of different examinations, and then there was the oral. I went back to Crawford's in the spring, after I got through these. I didn't do so very, very wonderfully on the written, but I got through the it, though not with very high marks. I did very well on the oral.

*Q: Tell me about that.*

HARVEY: The oral was, I guess, in March. I'd been another month at Crawford's, where he prepped us for these exams. He was very good at it, very good at it. I remember sitting with a couple of people in the outer room, waiting to be called in. There were five examiners. We were done individually at that time, not in groups.

The young man who was sitting next to me, whom I didn't really know, said something marvelous to me just before the door opened and I was beckoned in. He said, “Miss Harvey, walk in very slowly.” And I did. I just sort of strolled into the room and sat down. I heard when that exam was over and I came out later, that the next man that had gone in to take the exams had fallen over the rug—flat down on his face. And they flunked him! So I was very grateful to my neighbor for his good advice.

These five men were sitting with their backs to the light. I think it was sort of towards sunset, so I couldn't see their faces very well. I don't remember many of the questions they asked me, but one—and this was in 1929, no, the beginning of 1930—”What do you think, Miss Harvey, about the advisability of the United States recognizing Russia?”

I remember I answered, “Well, I know that you gentlemen have a lot more information than I have.” They looked, with real pussycat grins across their faces at that. “I believe that we should. We should be very careful that there is a complete understanding that they do not try to impose their system on us.” I don't remember much about the other questions.

*Q: That one did it?*

HARVEY: Well, they gave me a pretty good rank. Then I took two orals in languages, and Bob Murphy gave me my exam in oral German. Imagine! I remember he said to me, in German, “Speak a little German.”

So I said back to him in German, “What do you want me to say?”

And he laughed and gave me 100! That was about it. Oh, I know, I remember someone who became my immediate chief years later, Don Bigelow, gave my exam in oral French.

*Q: Bigelow, did you say his name is?*

HARVEY: Bigelow. He was Don Bigelow; he's been dead for years. I knew him in Bern.

*Q: So it was all a very clubby thing, wasn't it? You all either knew them then, or you knew them later, or you worked for them, or whatever.*

HARVEY: Sooner or later you knew almost everybody. Yes, I remember that I got Don talking to me in French about the beautiful Romanian women. He'd been stationed in Romania!

I did not take an exam in Spanish; I'd gone to Spanish summer school at Cornell, and I'd carefully concealed the fact I knew any Spanish. I did not want to go in that direction.

*Q: What about Italian?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, I guess I did take one in Italian. I can't remember.

*Q: Were you supposed to know all these languages?*

HARVEY: You had to know one, and that you had to take a written in as well as an oral. The one you picked out—and that was French. Then you were given oral exams in the others.

*Q: I see.*

HARVEY: Did I take one in Italian? I think I did. Oh, yes, I do know. I don't remember his name though. He was one of the interpreters. I think his name was Cabot; I really don't remember. It was rather swift. My Italian was pretty good.

*Q: People, it seems to me, were very, very highly qualified in those days for the Foreign Service. Was that your impression, too?*

HARVEY: Yes, I think they were, some of them. I tell you, one of the things that would be better—which people do more today—better not to go straight from college to the Foreign Service. That is, I think, usually what happens today. People have been out in some kind of job outside. I think that's very good. One of our most brilliant people, in my class—and I don't remember now just exactly which one it was—he went directly from college. Took the exams and went right into the Foreign Service. He was very young; he was just barely 21. That is too young. One doesn't know enough about life in this country, yet.

*Q: Yes, and there's no perspective whatsoever.*

HARVEY: There's no perspective, no. I do think something outside first. Frances Willis had it. She had taught two years, at least, at Vassar before she took the exams. I think, in many respects, she was a much more competent person than I. Also by nature, I think, but I think she also had it, too. She had her Ph.D. already, and she'd done quite a bit before she got into the Foreign Service. But I hadn't been that serious in many respects.

*Q: But you've really enjoyed yourself.*

HARVEY: Yes. Well, I continue to do so.

*Q: Which you continue to do! How soon did you know that you had passed the oral examinations?*

HARVEY: Oh, I got a telephone call or something—in March, I guess. In any case, I think it was the 15th of April that I set out for my first post. Everyone in Buffalo laughed, because I was just going to Canada; I was going to Ottawa.

I had a new car, a little new Ford—what do they call them? I can only give you the name in French. A decapotable, a convertible, a little convertible; a little yellow convertible. Our family physician, our dear friend, Dr. Russell, said, “I think you should have somebody go up with you. I'll have my chauffeur drive you up in your car, and then he can come back on the train.”

So we set out, and his chauffeur was a very young boy, very young. All of his belongings were tied up in a great big handkerchief that he was taking for overnight. We drove up, and had a nice trip to Ottawa and arrived slightly late in the evening, but not very late. I stayed at that magnificent hotel, the Chateau Laurier. I went in under this great cathedral entrance that it has there, feeling so proud of my “coming out” as a Foreign Service Officer, with my chauffeur. Then I looked at him with his little parcel, and I thought about myself, and I felt very small all over again! I wasn't a very great person, after all! But I enjoyed my time in Ottawa. 40_ below, all winter!

*Q: Was it really?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, wonderful—dry as a bone.

*Q: When you had gone back to Europe—your mother didn't go with you when you went to Switzerland—when you were studying in Switzerland?*

HARVEY: No.

*Q: She hadn't gone with you, as she did go when you were in France?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, when I was in France.

*Q: But you were much older, of course.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, I had graduated from college by that time. Oh, no, no, I was a grown person. I went up through Italy that time, and arrived in Geneva and spent the summer there.

*Q: What kind of work did they put you to doing when you went in as this grand new "unclassified vice-consul and secretary" of the diplomatic service?*

HARVEY: Yes, "unclassified." Well, let's see. I was given commercial letters to answer. I was in the consular branch of the legation. It was a legation, remember, not an embassy.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: Only Japan and France had embassies then in Ottawa. There wasn't any Minister. It was between somebody who had left and the new Minister had not yet arrived. He told everybody when he got there that—(of course, he didn't have a passport or anything. To go to Canada you don't need a visa, or passport, or anything else.) They asked him what he was going to Canada for, at the frontier, and he said, "Well, I'm the new American Minister to Canada."

They bowed, and then said, "We hope you enjoy your congregation." He loved telling this, especially to reporters. In any case, I enjoyed it very much. The weather was lovely—dry and cold. It was much nicer in the winter than the summer. I started to learn how to ski, but unfortunately I had an accident—not a skiing accident. My mother came up to visit me, briefly, and a party was given for her. I was carrying a cup of tea across a highly polished floor with a bear rug on it. It slipped, and I hung on to the cup of tea, but I fell over the back of a chair that had carved leaves sticking up out of the wood on the top. And I could hear my rib crack! Crack! I said, "Oh, dear me, I think I've broken a rib."

My hostess, who was a Christian Scientist, said, "Oh, no, my dear, I'm sure you've not. No, no. Think nothing of it. Have another cup of tea."

So I had another cup of tea, but it hurt. When I went to see a physician about my ribs the next day, I said, “Does this mean I can't ski?”

“Oh, no,” he said, “it doesn't mean that. But you mustn't fall down.” So that was the end of my skiing for a good many years. Of course, it got strapped up, in those days, and it got all right in no time at all, but the winter was over with and I was back in the United States before. I went back in March.

*Q: Did you? So you weren't there very long?*

HARVEY: No, I wasn't there very long. I was there a bit less than a year. I enjoyed it. Let's see, what else did I do besides commercial letters? I kept the list of visas. I remember, very distinctly—something that stuck in my mind—there were whole numbers of people who were on waiting lists for the immigration quotas. And there were whole numbers of Ukrainians, from the Ukraine, and they were way up in the woods, logging, I guess. We had to send out letters all the time to them which said, “Your name is on the waiting list.” We kept sending out these letters, which we had to forward to them, but they couldn't read them and there wasn't anybody that could explain it to them. So they always came rushing down, thinking it was the message that they were about to get their immigration visas, and we would somehow have to explain to them that no, it wasn't. They'd have to go back. It was always so hard to try to tell these people, in some kind way, that they had to go back. They'd perhaps lost a job already, but they would pack everything up and go back. I remember that very well.

I remember we had an inspector come, and I said, “Oh, I write all the commercial letters.” I realized afterward that they really weren't very much. Quite a lot of time afterward, I thought, he asked me what I did. What else did I do? I suppose I gave passports and things like that out. I believe I did.

*Q: How many people were there at the legation?*

HARVEY: Well, let's see, it was a small group. The Consul, Julian Harrington was a lovely guy. I was very fond of him. He did very well in the Service. Mr. Linnell, Irving Linnell, was my chief, and he was the Consul General, yes. Yes, it was somebody younger than he who was the Consul, who was my real boss. But Irving Linnell was the Consul General. He's probably in that register, but he's been dead for years. I read in the New York Times that his wife died not so long ago. He's been dead for years. Oh, dear, so many of those people are all dead and gone. We had the Minister, the Commercial Attach#, and First Secretary. We had a Second Secretary.

*Q: You had American women as secretaries up there?*

HARVEY: No, I don't think we had any American women. We had Canadian women.

*Q: So you were the only American woman?*

HARVEY: I think so, yes. I don't remember there were any others. I'm pretty sure I would remember that. We had an awful lot of foreign people even in embassies, you know, at one time.

*Q: Yes. Did you find that you were given work that a secretary should do? Or were you given work that a man would do?*

HARVEY: Well, I was given the work which, I think, a vice-consul would do.

*Q: It was appropriate?*

HARVEY: It was appropriate, yes. I didn't do any typing of letters; I can't type anyway. I never did learn to type.

*Q: Clever you!*

HARVEY: Perhaps, as well. No, I wish I could. Hit and pick is terrible. No, I'm awfully sorry; I tried to learn but I didn't learn very well.

I thought Canada was fascinating. I liked it particularly in the winter. The summers were awful, up in the lakes, with the flies—black flies. Oh, I made one terrible mistake. I'd been taken out fishing, out on one of those lakes up in the Gatineau, and I caught—rather, a huge fish caught me, a perfectly colossal beast. It was a miracle that I got this thing on to the boat. Of course, I had my picture taken with it, and it was weighed and everything. But it was a very great mistake. Mr. Linnell, my chief, was not there at the time, but he soon heard about the size of the fish that I'd caught, and he was not pleased. He was a great fisherman, himself.

*Q: Oh, I see. That was not diplomatic of you.*

HARVEY: No. I didn't realize how very much of a faux pas that was, but it was. He was kind to me, but he wasn't pleased about it—obviously wasn't.

*Q: Isn't that funny? So already you were breaking the rules?*

HARVEY: Yes! Oh, yes, I did something terrible, too, but he forgave me that. I lost—almost at once—I lost the keys to the office, at the circus, down in the sawdust. I was horrified; I thought, “My goodness, think of all those documents.” I told him the next morning and he said, “Oh, Constance, I don't think anybody will ever know what that key belongs to, in the sawdust.” He didn't think anything of it.

*Q: Can you imagine if that happened now?*

HARVEY: I remember much later, about Foy Kohler and documents. Dear, darling, Foy Kohler—who later became Ambassador to Russia. He took some secret papers home, and somehow or other—they weren't taken away from him, but somebody found them in the back of his car, and there was a terrible to-do. This was back when I was at the

Department, in the '50's. But it was probably one of the greatest things that Foy ever did for the Service, because for years after that, if anybody had any temptation to take any papers home, the rest of them would say, “Remember Foy Kohler.” and they'd put it back in the safe.

At that time, it was illegal to open a window in the Department of State, because at one time squirrels had gotten in and gone off with carbon copies, or something like that. So then, of course, in the new building, the windows were not openable; you couldn't open them! I remember—this was a terrible thing that happened—but it was probably great what Foy did for us, really, because nobody did that again.

*Q: I should say not! It's surprising he wasn't really reprimanded.*

HARVEY: Oh, he was. Oh, yes, oh yes, he was. We all knew about it. Poor Foy. But he still was made ambassador.

ANN: What country was he in, do you remember, when this terrible thing happened?

HARVEY: Oh, it was in Washington.

*Q: Oh, in the Department? I see.*

HARVEY: Right in the Department, right in Washington, yes indeed.

*Q: Obviously it wasn't Russia, because he eventually—that would be a bit . . .*

HARVEY: That would be bad, yes, even worse then. About security, I remember when I was in Bern, I had a wonderful, young American woman there as a secretary—not necessarily for me, but one of the secretaries—and she went out and walked on the street, and found—you see, we burned papers at that time, and we didn't have shredders—she found one of her carbons floating down the street in front of her. She picked it up, and it was indeed a secret document. This was just before we got in—well, no, it wasn't just

before we got in the war—but it was just about before the war broke out. The Germans were burning their documents and so we thought we'd better burn ours, too. So she found this thing.

*Q: It got loose, and . . .*

HARVEY: It got loose and flew down the street in front of her! I think she got it.

*Q: That's that flimsy paper that we used to use, wasn't it?*

HARVEY: This was a carbon, yes. It didn't burn well. You know, these anecdotes are really . . .

*Q: Why, they're wonderful!*

HARVEY: Yes, it is different. You make me realize how different things were.

*Q: Totally different, yes. So many things nowadays are all on computer; they don't even deal with paper.*

HARVEY: Of course. I know; you've heard what's been going on about some of these computer thieves who get in and wreck all of them? What people can do, I don't know. It's very strange. It's a strange world we're living in.

[Tape interrupted]

*Q: It was called the Foreign Service School?*

HARVEY: Yes. It was in the building—oh dear, I can see the building. It was over in the old State Department.

*Q: Was it? In the old State Department, which is now the Executive Office Building?*

HARVEY: That's right, yes, has been for years. Actually, we had our pictures taken on one of the side steps there. I can hardly remember that, but that's where it was.

*Q: Was it usual to send new officers up to Canada?*

HARVEY: For a short period. They had a very good idea: they would send us to nearby countries for a very short period of months before they took us into the school. “Because then,” they said, “The people would know what a passport is, when we start talking to them in the school. They'll know what we're talking about.” It was a very practical way of doing things. You got your feet wet a little bit before you went to it. Now people do go to the Institute first, don't they?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: I think that was something they could—of course, things are different now.

*Q: There are so many more of them.*

HARVEY: There are so many more of them and the contingent countries don't go very far—I mean, the nearby countries—you can send them to Canada or Mexico. You know, quite apart from this story, one of the things I found very interesting that I learned when I was in Germany—I was stationed in Germany, in Bonn for four years—is that the Germans, then with their new Foreign Service, and probably now, they never send a young officer—I won't talk about an ambassador—but a young officer—to the German Embassy in Washington, till he's had a couple of years in one of their consulates. Because Washington is not the United States. They must have been in Chicago or New York or San Francisco or somewhere for a couple of years before they go to Washington. Now, I think that's a very . . .

*Q: That is a good idea.*

HARVEY: One of the things I've always felt, as a criticism of our service when I was in it, and I think still, is that they do not use consular officers out in the consular posts, not as an office in the embassy, to get enough political information. And there are lots of things. There are some places—some countries—where practically everything is done, or everything is decided, in the capital, but that is not true everywhere. It certainly isn't true in a place like Italy. You see, after all, all the banking and the business of their world is done in Milan, it's not done in Rome. We did very little political reporting out of Milan when I was stationed there, but when I went back to the Department in the '50's, we wanted more out of Milan and weren't getting it. We wanted to know about the labor situation, and what was going on there, because it was—Milan is not Rome. Paris is more France than many countries. But when they started—I don't know, have they closed Strasbourg, my last post?

*Q: I'm not sure if it has been closed yet or not. If it hasn't, it probably will very soon be.*

HARVEY: Well, it's very sad, but nevertheless, they apparently had the choice of closing that or Lyon. You don't call it “LY-on,” when you've lived there, you call it “LEEon.” When you live in Paris, it's “Ly-ON,” but when you live in Lyon, it's “LEEon.” Paris doesn't always know what Lyon is doing either. Lyon has a very different kind of mentality and a very different kind of attitude toward things.

*Q: It's very mercantile, isn't it?*

HARVEY: Oh, of course it is, mercantile, yes; that's probably a good word for it. I was trying to think whether—industrial, perhaps, is almost as good, because Saint Etienne, which is just right there, is a big industrial center. It's so close, it's right part of it. But also their mentality is different, it really is. Mr. Herriot, of course, was from Lyon, and went back there. I knew dear Herriot well. Things were very different when I was stationed there because it was during the war. I think that—I bet you Munich doesn't think the same way as Bonn.

*Q: Oh, and I'm sure Berlin doesn't, for example.*

HARVEY: Well, Berlin is almost like a state in itself, isn't it? In a way, I don't know; I haven't been there for a long, long time.

*Q: These countries, really, are made up of tribes of people, and they retain their own way of thinking. Look at the Normands. You'd never mix a Normand up with a Marseillaise; they're totally different people.*

HARVEY: Totally different.

*Q: And certainly, who's more fragmented than the Italians? When you use the word "tribe." I think that is a very pertinent word to use, very right these days.*

HARVEY: I remember one thing very clearly—and it isn't exactly about what we studied, but it should be told to every class. There was some red-headed high official in the Department. I don't remember now who it was. He wasn't in the Foreign Service, but his message to us was this: "Now one thing that you young people have to remember: You're sitting behind a desk, and the whole power of the United States government is behind you, and on the other side of the desk is somebody who is wanting assistance or information or help. You must try to make things equal between you, because it isn't fair not to do so."

*Q: What an extraordinary remark!*

HARVEY: Yes. I've never forgotten that. Once I did have a vice-consul, when I was in Lyon, who treated a wonderful man who came through just dreadfully. I remember I took and pinned his ears to the wall when I found out what had happened.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Well, the poor young American, he was not at all well. He didn't live very, very long, as a matter of fact, poor thing. But I remember how badly this man—he was a Pole,

and he was really a very distinguished person that I had known about in Switzerland before I went to France—and he had the man just practically shaking. He just treated him dreadfully. The Pole was trying to get a visa to go to Canada, and he was making it just as difficult as he could for him.

I wish I could remember that red-headed chap's name; he was from somewhere out west. He was one of the under-secretaries, but I don't remember who it was. But that was a very good message.

What we studied I don't remember. They told us all about—all the mechanics of the Service, that's for sure.

*Q: But by that time you did know quite a bit.*

HARVEY: Yes, we did, but of course, it was different to have it told from the global point of view.

*Q: I see what you mean.*

HARVEY: That is what we went to find out; what a passport was like, before—and of course, the passport laws kept changing all the time. That was true, you know. And the whole complication of military service and what it did to you if you joined a foreign army, and all that sort of thing. Other things, too. I don't have much remembrance. I remember more the guys who were in the class with me.

*Q: How many were in the class?*

HARVEY: About 12, perhaps, not more than that. Nobody was taken in after our class. Well, there was a group that was taken in a few weeks after our group, in 1930, and then for eight years they didn't take in anybody—male or female—except those people who were transferred from the Department of Commerce, I think.

*Q: Why was that? No money?*

HARVEY: Yes, the Depression.

*Q: The Depression.*

HARVEY: The Depression, absolutely.

*Q: Can you recall what your salary was, back then?*

HARVEY: I think it was $2,500. When I was home for Christmas—there was not any kind of perks with it, you see. That was it! I remember I got a letter from the man who was my immediate chief Julian Harrington—it was over Christmas, and he said, “You can't say there isn't any Santa Claus. You've been allowed a house and living allowance, Constance. Love and kisses.”

His secretary said to me afterwards, “I thought that was very strange, Miss Harvey, when he dictated that letter that way.”

*Q: “Love and kisses!”*

HARVEY: He had a lovely wife. I remember it was just in fun.

*Q: For the Depression that was a good salary.*

HARVEY: Well, in the Depression people were without any salary. I was just under the wire of getting any real job at all.

*Q: That's true; a little later and you wouldn't have.*

HARVEY: One of the very nice young men who was in Ottawa with me, for the Department of Commerce—he hadn't been in very long, either—he was just put out! He had an awful hard time after that, I learned later.

*Q: It must have been a terrible situation.*

HARVEY: I went abroad in the summer—well, about August of '31, and I wasn't in the United States during the bad part of the Depression; because the Depression didn't quite hit until later that year, when it was really much worse, apparently.

Then my mother came out to live with me in Milan. She was with me all the time I was in Milan and had a terrible illness there—a terrible illness.

*Q: Did she?*

HARVEY: Well, she'd already been—for a number of years—a diabetic and on insulin. But, at that time, there were no antibiotics. She got blood poisoning and had her leg amputated. We'd been there a few years, and it was a ghastly situation.

*Q: Terrible!*

HARVEY: They didn't know—she had a good surgeon. I had people—specialists—come from Vienna and anywhere I could think of—come to Milan, to see what could be done. In the end, they got the better of the blood poisoning, but it was an awful business. I had a night nurse over a year in the house. Nurses were very difficult to find, in Italy. This was a German nun. I had enough—in the daytime—I was able to find them, but it was very difficult.

And you know why? This is a comment on the life of Italy, before the war. I know exactly, because one of my nurses was half-Italian, half-English. Her mother was Italian; her father had been English, and she'd been brought up and trained as a nurse in London. Then she

came back to live in Italy and she knew the situation. I knew from her, being a nurse in Italy at that time was just a shade above being a prostitute. It was not at all a respectable thing to do.

*Q: Really!?*

HARVEY: For a woman to do, from a decent family. So that's why there were no nurses. Of course, the hospitals had nuns for nurses, almost always. That was that.

Then, of course, Princess Helena, who later became Queen of Italy, joined the Red Cross during the war and took her course in nursing, and it began to change everything.

*Q: It made it respectable.*

HARVEY: It made it respectable. That is where one sees the world changing—a thing like that. It's quite amazing. That, of course, makes a great difference, a great cataclysm like that.

*Q: Indeed. How did you get to be sent to Milan?*

HARVEY: I wanted to go to Italy very much, and I nearly got sent to Japan, to Ambassador Joseph Grew. I didn't want to go way off there; I wanted to go to Genoa, but I was glad, afterwards, I'd been put in Milan. It was a very interesting post. Not my most interesting, as they say, but it was interesting.

It's a city that's very interesting to live in. It's not exactly a tourist city. Of course, there are some lovely things to see there, and the country around there—the lake district—is absolutely superb, perfectly marvelous. You know that—you've been there.

*Q: Beautiful. And all the things like the opera.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. Well, the opera went only during the winter, and Toscanini never was permitted while I living there to conduct at the opera.

*Q: Why not?*

HARVEY: Because he would not begin with Giovinezza. He said, “It isn't music; I won't play it.” The government didn't permit him to direct; he never directed while I was in Italy. Then my very last day in Italy—when I was being transferred, seven years later—I knew that something was awful, because I got a note from my chief, who was then Walter Sholes.

It said, “Dear Constance, just take a taxi.” My mother was already in Switzerland. We were being transferred, and my two maids and the cat and I were supposed to leave within an hour or so. We were leaving very soon—the train was going. “Toscanini's passport has been taken up. Go and see why.”

Well, I knew Toscanini, but he wasn't in Milan at that time. I don't know where he was; on his island, I guess. I thought that was going to be a little difficult to find out something about it, but I went and did my best, and talked to the concierge and then somebody else I knew who lived in the neighborhood. I didn't find out why it was taken away, but I learned quickly that it was going to be restored to him fairly soon. You see, he went constantly to the United States, taking a whole menagerie of people with him—an enormous crowd went with him every time. I found out, when I was in Basel, what had happened. Imagine, way up there.

I've always felt this was a very amusing coincidence. I happened to get to know some people of the Bush Quartet—you probably don't even remember about that. It was one of the great quartets of Europe and of the world. I think it was the wife of one of the Bushes —I think there were two Bushes in it—she telephoned across the frontier to a sister or somebody in Germany. The war hadn't yet begun, really, no, it was several months before

the war began. She had heard remarks he had made about fascism when he was in Vienna. Of course, somebody heard this conversation. It wasn't that her friend reported it, or anything like that. It was whisked right back to Rome and his passport was taken up! Well, I told you it was a coincidence that I should find out about this. It was a month or so later that I happened to discover this. It was really amazing.

*Q: At that time, wasn't Toscanini playing at the Metropolitan each winter? Didn't he direct at the Metropolitan?*

HARVEY: Well, he directed, of course, at the concert hall at Carnegie. You mean opera? Yes, I suppose he did. I can't remember about that; I remember him, usually, on the concert stage. He was almost blind, you know. I gave him his visas for years, and he could only write like this nose to paper to write his name. That was why he had such a fantastic memory. For years he'd been practically without any sight at all.

*Q: That's why he never used a score?*

HARVEY: He couldn't. In his youth, you see. “Giovinezza.” (hums) Something like that. It's nothing to Toscanini. He just wouldn't play it.

*Q: It's something they played before each performance, like “God Save the King?”*

HARVEY: Before everything, yes, exactly. Only it was, as he said, “Not music, and I won't play it.” He was not to be trifled with.

*Q: No, I guess he had terrible temper, didn't he?*

HARVEY: I think so. Oh, yes, he went after people in his orchestra like mad, but they adored him. A great person. I went twice to the island he had rented in Lago Maggiore.

*Q: Did you really?*

HARVEY: Yes. He had a little tiny island; one of the Borromean islands, called Isolino San Giovanni.

*Q: Isn't that a lovely name?*

HARVEY: Isolino St. Giovanni. It belonged to the Borromeo family.

*Q: You were just there visiting, were you?*

HARVEY: You mean at his place?

*Q: You were actually at his place?*

HARVEY: Yes, yes, I was invited.

*Q: How wonderful! So you became a personal friend?*

HARVEY: Well, not very, but it was a great honor to be asked there. That was very nice. One at least was a concert; maybe both were concerts, I can't remember, out of doors. Yes, the crowd he used to take to New York was enormous: his wife, his daughter, her husband, and some children, and servants. His mistress, she went with him, and then—I don't know—several other people. Every single time this whole tribe accompanied him to New York all devoted to him.

*Q: I understand Caruso used to bring a whole tribe, too.*

HARVEY: I bet he did, yes.

*Q: They don't want to be without their families. Mainly this was your work in Milan, the issuing of passports—I mean, issuing of visas?*

HARVEY: Different things. I did all kinds of things. I did the economic letter to the embassy. Until I got transplanted by somebody else who came in. This was almost my

very first feeling of discrimination. I was, of course, just a vice-consul, but I was getting a lot of good information from a very nice banker who was really giving me a course in banking. He was explaining all kinds of things to me and I thought I was doing all right. Then this man was transferred to Milan and immediately was put in charge of all the very interesting work like that, and I didn't do that anymore. But there were plenty of other things to do.

*Q: So everybody sort of did a little of everything, in those times?*

HARVEY: Well, no, you usually had a special office for certain things to do. We had separate offices.

*Q: Did you ever have to do any administration?*

HARVEY: You mean running the whole office? Not as early as that.

*Q: Many women were put into doing things that had to do with administration. But not back then?*

HARVEY: I don't know exactly what you mean by that. To me “administration” means just giving everybody their assignments and telling them what to do.

*Q: I see what you mean. No, what I mean is more down on the level of figuring out the accounts, and going over people's travel vouchers, and making sure that the money is paid out to the right places, and hiring a place if you need new office space or something like that, and outfitting it.*

HARVEY: I didn't do that sort of thing.

*Q: You never had to? Women were often put in that work in the '40's.*

HARVEY: You see, in a sense—well, this was a fairly good sized office—but we had a regular accountant who did that for us. I don't quite remember that sort of thing. There was a consul general, consul, vice consul. I was the career vice consul. I can't remember whether there was a second career vice consul with us. Then there were a couple of non-career vice consuls, or at least one.

We moved offices once while I was there. We'd been in the Bank of Italy, and it was not quite large enough for us, or perhaps the lease just ran out and they didn't want us anymore. I think perhaps the bank wanted us out. So we moved to another bigger, better office in a better building, I must say. I discovered that—if you'd call administration that—most of the blank passports were being carried through the streets in wastebaskets by one of our janitors! Well, it was all right; they got there all right, but these were really the old days, my dear. They were really amazing!

I must say, under fascism there was no funny business. I would walk home, perhaps, from my office—if I had something I really had to stay over for—at one or two o'clock in the morning, (it was about a fifteen minute walk to my house, to my apartment) with no thought of it whatsoever, no problem.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes.

*Q: No crime?*

HARVEY: No crime because there was a policeman in his great big, black cloak on practically every street corner. It was different.

*Q: Did you have a feeling of oppression living in a fascist country? Did you feel oppressed?*

HARVEY: I didn't feel oppressed, exactly. In the beginning people all said, “Oh, he's doing a great deal for the country,” and in some respects this seemed to be true for a while.

I learned all about the corporate system of the government. Everything was divided into corporations. I had been there about a year and knew about all the corporations. I went to a number of lectures given to the Italian Chamber of Commerce; these poor men, with their necks sweating with anxiety—they didn't know what they were talking about. We'd listen to these discourses by people who came down from the government in Rome, about the corporate state; all lawyers and manufacturers and everything were all in the corporation. Everything was different corporations: banking and whatnot. Everything was divided.

It was about a couple of years later that I realized, and found out it was true, that there was only one single corporation in Italy which ever really got off paper, and that was the corporation of the theater. The others were nothing. This is typically Latin; when something is on paper it is the same as if it were created.

*Q: Really? Is that so?*

HARVEY: That's very Italian. You've know, they've got it all planned out—it's here, that's what it is. These poor people were struggling with this; they were all told about it. I remember finding out it just wasn't true at all.

*Q: Only the theater.*

HARVEY: Only the theater was really functioning as a corporation.

*Q: Did your mother stay with you the whole time?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, she lived with me until she died; she died during the war when we were off in Switzerland. Yes, we were transferred to Switzerland just after Munich, in '38, to Basel.

*Q: Did you not come home at all?*

HARVEY: I came home twice on home leave from Italy, briefly.

*Q: In those days, was it as it was in the late '40's, that if you came home before your home leave...*

HARVEY: We weren't allowed to do that.

*Q: You weren't allowed to then, either, because if you did you'd lose your home leave?*

HARVEY: Well, you'd get special permission. Much later I got special permission to come for less than a week, to get an honorary degree at Smith. Somebody who knew my chief in Bonn very well telephoned him from Smith and said, “Couldn't you let her come?”

“Oh,” they said, “Sure, we will.” I think I lost the days on my home leave.

*Q: Did you really?*

HARVEY: Well, there weren't that many days. But that wasn't home leave; it was in '52, and I was gone less than a week—about five days.

*Q: Now, what kind of a living arrangements could you have on your salary? Could you describe the sort of house you had?*

HARVEY: Well, let me tell you, I was very fortunate during all these times; especially when my mother became such an invalid. For about two years she was able, and she went to

England on her own, and so forth, but then after the business of the amputation it was awful.But I had the most wonderful servants during all that time.

*Q: Did you?*

HARVEY: I had been spoiled rotten, from that angle, while I was in the Foreign Service. When I came back and retired in the United States, I finally had to learn to cook something, because I knew if I didn't I'd starve to death! Because I had never learned to cook at all. I told the cook this, that, and the other, but I always had somebody to do it for me. We had a maid.

Our exchange rate went down. No, our salaries were cut. They weren't cut there as badly as they were in some places; I think the percentage was the same, but according to the lira it wasn't so bad. But it was definite, and I felt that I couldn't afford to pay my houseboy and a cook and a maid at that time. I couldn't afford all that, so I asked them if they could take a cut too, and they said no. The houseboy came back to me, occasionally, when I needed him. Then I got others who were delighted to have a smaller wage, and I had no problem. You see, I had rent allowance; by that time I had a rent allowance, and it was adequate, as I remember, to cover the rent.

*Q: You had a flat, I suppose?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, both times. We moved once in Milan. We were for a year in one very nice apartment, which I liked very much—very high up and nice. We had to leave there because the building was sold and the new owner wanted to use the apartment for himself. It was rather small but a very attractive apartment. We went to another one then, which was nearer the office and was a bit bigger. I was there six years. With two beautiful terraces outside on the fifth floor, with great balconies with roses growing over.

*Q: Could you see the Duomo from where you were?*

HARVEY: Not from there. That is not a great piece of architecture. A wonderful thing, of course, is to go up on the roof and take a view from the roof.

*Q: Was it noisy when you lived there?*

HARVEY: Italy is always noisy!

*Q: Is that right? I had never heard such noise in my life as in Milan. I thought I was on the Indianapolis Freeway.*

HARVEY: Well, let's see, what year did you go? Under fascism?

*Q: No, no.*

HARVEY: You see, you weren't allowed to blow your horn after Mussolini really got going. I took my first driving test in Milan. Well, maybe I'd taken one in Buffalo; I can't be sure. I had a driver's permit, but that's little vague. I had to get an Italian one while I was there, and I remember the officer who took me out. First he fixed it up so he could go to the market to buy fish for his wife, for lunch, and take it back. That was alright. Then he took me down. He said, “Blow your horn, blow your horn. You can't drive in Italy without letting people know you're coming!”

Then Mussolini put in silent driving and it worked. But about a year later, when I was still over in the first office in the Bank of Italy, Mussolini did something which failed—one of his true real failures. This one was a real one.

It was to be an American lunchtime—it was so described. In other words, just about 30 or 35 minutes for lunch—not two hours, to go home and have a lovely time and come back after you'd also had a nap. Not that anymore. To be modern you had to do it this way. Well, it was terrible. I remember going into one of the offices of the Bank of Italy on some business with a young man who was married to an American girl I knew. The

whole of the Bank of Italy smelled of cooking. It was like walking into a kitchen. Every desk—this was about noon—had on it a little heater with a pan on it with spaghetti and sauce and everything, which their wives had sent them, heating up, so they'd have a proper lunch. There was Georgio, married to an American girl, drinking a glass of milk and eating a sandwich. They thought, “This poor, benighted creature. How can he stand her?” However, that was that. But it only lasted about three months and he had to give it up. That was finally abolished.

Then he never could do anything with Naples.

*Q: Never could do anything with Naples?*

HARVEY: No, hopeless. He just gave up on Naples, I understand, just all together. I saw fascism, you see, come up and then all go to pieces, like a deck of cards. It really began—the really serious misery began not with the war in Ethiopia, they could have gotten away with that for various reasons—but when they joined the Spanish War, that was the end.

*Q: That was the turning point?*

HARVEY: It was the turning point; the whole thing began to fall apart. There had been lots of things. People were beginning to be able to eat meat in the country and the rural areas. Lombardy is a very rich area, as you know, and pellagra came back all across northern Italy. It had been there before, but it had been absent for several years. The whole business—he was drained away by that business of getting into the Spanish War, and then, of course, later on, into the whole thing.

*Q: The Axis?*

HARVEY: The Axis, yes.

*Q: How was he regarded at that time, when you first went?*

HARVEY: That was before I got in the Service, what I told you about Florence.

*Q: Yes, I remember that. But by the '30's how did people think of Mussolini? By that time they sort of liked him, didn't they?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, he was greatly admired. And he would come and make speeches, and everybody would listen to him, and hip it up for Il Duce. He was very popular; not with absolutely everybody, of course, by any means. There were some people who didn't think this was very good, but they were few and they were scattered, and looked upon, probably, as rather dangerous people.

*Q: Oh, I see.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, probably rather dangerous people. Then things got worse, and the Ethiopian War progressed. You know, Italy could have gotten away with that. I think it was a shocking thing to do, and they treated them terribly. Actually, the Italians have always been very good colonizers. The people themselves go out and usually are friendly. When I went much later to Libya, all the people in Libya were delighted to speak Italian. It had been the conquering country, but they liked them—they enjoyed them. People were going out to Ethiopia and going to have farms and get jobs. The husband of my maid went out to work in one of the ports for a while. That they would have gotten away with, but the other thing—it was just a terrible drain.

*Q: Too much of a drain on the economy?*

HARVEY: On the economy and everything. There began to be these people—they began to think that Americans were rather suspicious people, by that time. All cocktail parties in the last year I was there where there were mixed people—this happened in Rome, but it happened in Milan, too—young Italian women of the high society were used as spies. It

was on a quiet basis and they were supposed to come back and report what the foreigners were saying.

This was all announced as a natural thing—it was patriotic. They couldn't do it for money; that wouldn't be proper. The government had to do something to show it was grateful for the services, so they started giving them leopard coats which came from the leopards caught in Ethiopia. Every girl in Rome and Milan who had a spotted coat—you knew exactly who she was! It was like a uniform!

*Q: Isn't that stupid!*

HARVEY: Incredibly stupid. Usually the Italians aren't stupid; that's why they're not brave. They aren't brave. I'm very, very fond of the Italians; they have some wonderful, wonderful characteristics. But this was a fascist business of being stupid; it really was. That's why they're not brave—because they know. They know exactly what is going to happen. A lot of people who are very brave just haven't any idea what's going to happen. The Italians do!

*Q: They could see what the outcome would be.*

HARVEY: They could see the outcome. So there was sort of a falling away. I knew a few people who were really anti-fascist, but they were far between, some of these people. It was amazing—you'd never knew who was going to turn out to be a hero. Usually the strangest people.

*Q: The quiet ones that you don't anticipate will be?*

HARVEY: Usually. Something different like that. But there was a lot of tension. I wasn't there, of course, the last year before the war; I left in November, I guess it was, of '38. It was just after Munich. That was November, I think.

*Q: Oh, did you? You left just after Munich?*

HARVEY: Yes. I was transferred to Basel. My mother was already up in Switzerland.

*Q: Was this for your own benefit that you asked to go to Basel?*

HARVEY: No, I didn't ask for it. I was just transferred. I think that they thought it was better that I should get my poor mother out of Italy.

*Q: I see. She was considered your dependent at that time?*

HARVEY: Yes.

*Q: One thing I want to pick up on. You said that you got a driver's license in Italy?*

HARVEY: Yes.

*Q: Previously, you said you took a new car up to Canada. Didn't you have a license then?*

HARVEY: I guess I must have; but I had to get another one. I just can't remember.

*Q: Maybe they didn't have licenses in Canada? Maybe they weren't necessary?*

HARVEY: Or in America. I think I must have had one. I just don't remember getting it.

*Q: I know that back in the late '20's, early '30's, they were very cavalier about licenses.*

HARVEY: Yes, I know I drove a car quite a bit before I got a license, but I didn't own a car. I guess when I got my own car I probably got a license. I don't remember. I wasn't doing anything illegal at that time.

*Q: No, no, no.*

HARVEY: But when I went to Italy I had to get my . . .

*Q: Did you take your car with you?*

HARVEY: No, I got another car.

*Q: Got one over there?*

HARVEY: Yes. I had one sent out.

*Q: Oh, you did? Tell me, was it the usual thing for somebody to stay eight years at a post, or seven years?*

HARVEY: Seven. No, it was because of my mother's illness, really. She just couldn't be moved; those last three years were very difficult. She was in a clinic in Samaden for a while one summer. Then in a sort of a rest home, in Lugano, I think. She was there just a little bit before I actually moved. But I already had my transfer; I knew I was going to be transferred.

*Q: I see. So they were taking into consideration your family?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. The Inspector and I talked over a good many things, and he wanted to know just how old my mother was and what the situation was. He'd been through Milan, and they were quite considerate. They wanted to do the right thing and not to get into real trouble.

*Q: But I notice, also, that you didn't have any—you seemed to be still unclassified at that time. Is that correct?*

HARVEY: I can't remember when I got to be—what was it, class 8?

*Q: Class 8, in 1939.*

HARVEY: It very well could be. Yes, let me tell you what happened about that. That was the next time that I knew I was being discriminated against.

I had gone to Basel, unclassified. I'd been there a few months. I had a very nice chief who was an old China hand. He was just there for a temporary post in Europe. We got the notice that I had been put up to grade 8 and he was delighted! He said, “That's wonderful. Now you're going to be consul, because that's when you become a consul.” He told all his friends and mine in Basel. I think he even had a sort of party now that I was going to be Consul Harvey. Then there was a telegram from the Department that the rules had been changed. Not just for me, you know, not just for me, that it was no longer obligatory to make people consuls when they became grade 8. And I was still a vice consul. I was a vice consul when I went back to Zurich, after the war. I remember saying at that time to the man who was the chief of personnel—I think it was Nat Davis, Nathaniel Davis. There were two Nathaniel Davises.

*Q: Were there?*

HARVEY: Anyway, I remember saying to him, “I think I ought to be a consul to go out there.”

“Oh,” he said, “vice consul is good enough.” But I did become consul fairly soon, within a fair number of months after I was there.

*Q: This was not the usual thing for a young man? A man would have been?*

HARVEY: It was the first time anybody had had this situation, apparently. They had changed the rules right over, but they obviously applied it to me as quickly as they could.

*Q: Didn't they though? How many classifications were there then?*

HARVEY: There was 8 up to 1.

*Q: 8 up to 1, and then all this amorphous unclassified.*

HARVEY: No, I don't know when that disappeared. At the bottom, you mean?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: I don't remember exactly when that disappeared. I don't know; I was above that then. At least I was 8, and I became 7 sometime when I was in France. That was several years later.

*Q: When you were in France?*

HARVEY: That was a bit later.

*Q: 1942.*

HARVEY: Yes, I think it probably was.

*Q: Now you were called a vice consul and secretary in the diplomatic service, but in Basel you were called a third secretary?*

HARVEY: No, not Basel, because Basel was only a consulate.

*Q: I'm sorry—Bern.*

HARVEY: Bern. Well, I went up to Bern later. I went up there about a year later. They wanted to get me and my mother away from the frontier, I think. Oh, I loved Basel; Basel is a fascinating city! I want to say at this time, and even for the record: To be a consul general, which my consul was—he wasn't a consul, he was consul general in Basel—was no great shakes; to be an American Consul General in a European city. It didn't get you into the high society or anything like that. The other people who would be there just sort of bumped along as best they could with what friends they could make.

But Spiker {Consul General Clarence Spiker} had come from China; he'd spent his whole life out in China, and he went back to China from Basel. In any case, they wanted him to have a few years in Europe, just to get another reference—different kind of air. He went with one letter of introduction from an English friend of his in China to somebody in Basel, who I think was not English but a Basler.

He was immediately surrounded by all the finest people—the great elite of Basel—and I went right in on his coattails. We literally, over and over again, went to dinners with white tie; that was old Basel. Oh, it's a very funny city, but it's also a very attractive city. It has a lot of things going for it. A wonderful museum; the greatest Holbeins in the world are there—magnificent. We wrapped them all up in blankets and got them on a truck to get them up to the frontier when the war broke out. I was there when the war broke out.

Everybody I knew had either a machine gun on top of his house or he had everything ready to faire sauter les ponts, blow up the bridges. All that sort of thing was ready. German Switzerland was ready for the Germans, I can tell you that, far more than French Switzerland. They were right next to it and they were going to have none of it. Everybody I knew in Basel was just absolutely in a state of excitement. We never knew it was the “phony war” for quite a while and nothing very much happened, until later.

Most of the pictures were taken away and stored somewhere in Bern or somewhere else, probably in the mountains. I loved Basel; it was very interesting. I helped to broadcast—of course we didn't have television yet—the Basel Mardi Gras. It's called Fasching, in Basel. In Germany and in Zurich it's called Fast-nacht That is really a great thing. I can tell you that Nice and New Orleans are nothing compared to Basel. They may be bigger, but it is really an event. For three days a very strict, puritanical city goes quite wild and does what it wants.

*Q: Blows off steam once a year.*

HARVEY: Blows off steam completely. It begins, in true Swiss fashion, by everybody going to bed early and getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning. They've had the dispensation from the Vatican for hundreds of years to have an extra day of this. In other words, Ash Wednesday isn't Ash Wednesday, it's a three day blow out and they certainly do. At 5 o'clock in the morning the parade comes down the Freistrasse, the little free street, down the hill into the big market square with all of these great illuminated signs. Everything that everybody has done amiss, or a little bit strange or funny or something, in Basel is depicted on these signs.

*Q: Oh dear!*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. People watch these pictures in the square. All the women are going around with their masks on. Nobody knows who they are and they pick up a lot of strange men. Everything goes in every direction. It's really quite thrilling. It goes on for three days.

*Q: And did you join in, in costume?*

HARVEY: No, I didn't do that, but I helped to broadcast the descent of the procession. I remember trying to get some words across to describe it.

*Q: What radio station was this for?*

HARVEY: I don't remember; it was something that was being broadcast in English, somewhere to the States, I guess. In any case, it was sort of fun. It's a very amusing town, and, of course, a great university. Most people haven't really gone there or stayed there or lived there. It's really very fascinating.

*Q: How does it compare to Bern? You went to Bern.*

HARVEY: Yes, I was stationed in Bern. I'd been in Bern before. Well, I much prefer Basel; I like Basel more. Bern is a very attractive, nice city. My mother died in Bern. She died

on the 10th of May, just a few days after Holland had been occupied. I never told her that Holland was being occupied.

*Q: Oh, my word!*

HARVEY: She was to be cremated, and it takes three days in the Canton of Bern for a permit for cremation to be issued because they want to be sure. She'd had this dreadful illness, but she had a rather easy death in a wonderful hospital just across the street from where we lived run by protestant nuns. A magnificent hospital; beautiful, loving care.

A very good friend, who was the military attach#—he and his wife were like my brother and sister to me—Barney said, “You can't wait three days. You've got to get a special permit to have it done immediately. We may be invaded from one hour to the next.” The German Army was all lined up in the Black Forest, even with ambulances, to come right down the Schaffhausen Valley, through the Belfort Gap and behind the Maginot Line. They expected it to happen. So she was cremated immediately, and I had just a few people who came in. Most of the people had sent their wives and children away from the city, way down to the south of Switzerland, and already they had been gone. Then the line broke in the west, in the Ardennes, beyond where there wasn't any Maginot Line. But there wasn't any Maginot Line anymore.

The Germans knew the Swiss were going to be a tough nut to crack; it wasn't going to be so easy. But the whole thing just went the other way, just about a week later.

*Q: I see; it was the Ardennes offensive that pulled them away from Switzerland.*

HARVEY: Everything was in position to come. Our military attach# knew all about it.

*Q: That must have been a frightening thing. I suppose you burned papers?*

HARVEY: Well, we started burning before that. I went to Bern a little bit before my mother because I had to get an apartment there. I was there before Christmas, I think. It was

just at the end of the year, the beginning of December I went up to Bern from Basel. My mother came soon afterwards. I had a place to live, you see, which I found fairly quickly.

I liked Bern. I was very fond of it, and I was certainly very fond of my colleagues in Bern. I had an interesting job in Bern. I was third secretary. They didn't have people working just on newspapers and things like that the way they do now; there wasn't any information service, so to speak. I did all the review of German newspapers and I also talked with some Germans who came there from Germany, and did other things that were all interesting things to do.

I was just thankful my mother was gone at that time, because of this awful business of this invasion. Of course, we didn't recover from that. Then France fell. I occupied an office with Warren Chase, another Foreign Officer who was married to a French woman. They had, I think, four or five children. He had left them in Paris, and he had no idea for over a month what had become of them. We kept saying, “You must try to get through to the embassy in Paris. You must try.”

He said, “There's absolutely no use; they won't have any information. There's no use my bothering them. I've just got to wait.” He would pace up and down in his office. His family had gotten out and gotten to Arcachon in southern France and were safe. But he didn't know that for quite a while.

All of this had been going on and I thought, “My god, I'm so glad my mother's gone and safe.” I didn't miss her till the war was over, and then I was sorry she wasn't there.

*Q: You didn't have time to miss her.*

HARVEY: No, at that time I just felt awful. All these people were on the roads in France.

*Q: Yes, with what goods they could take with them, and the roads were just clogged.*

HARVEY: I knew a lot of people who went through that. And Switzerland had another close shave, but I was already interned by that time. Apparently in '43 they were also afraid that the Germanmight go through to Italy. They were very alarmed by that. I remember when I was already stationed in France, that I used to go back because I still had my apartment with my things in it in Bern, although it was rented out. I would go back to Bern rather often, from France. And I remember saying, to a Swiss officer I was traveling with on the train up from Geneva to Bern that I knew about the reduits in the mountains, where they had all of this ammunition. In the case of invasion, by anybody, (but of course they were expecting the Germans) they were going to abandon the cities and just throw all their strength—army and everything—they would retire to the mountains and fight from there.

I remember—and this is very Swiss—saying to this officer, “Are you leaving your wives and children behind?

“Oh, yes,” he said, “of course. No doubt about that.” That's why they were not an easy nut to crack. Now today, modern warfare is totally different; no connection. And you know, every mountain tunnel has been for years—everything in there to blow it up is right there.

*Q: Still there?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, sure. No doubt about that. Probably more so, and they've got airplanes inside these reduits now, and all kinds of things. There isn't any kind of safety in that. Not any more.

*Q: Not any more, no. But they were willing to blow up everything rather than be taken?*

HARVEY: Yes, and leaving your wife and children...he said, “Oh yes, of course.” I was telling you about the elegant dinners in Basel, when we were all dressed up, and the Consul General had all these friends of the #lite. After the war, that was very different. Instead of being looked upon as just sort of an ordinary, common, American official—but

not in high society—people just practically fawned in front of us. They could have sent monkeys to be Consul General and they would have done the same thing. The power that we had suddenly acquired just went to the heads of them, and of us.

*Q: Is that so? You could see it that clearly?*

HARVEY: Well, of course, it's more clear . . .

*Q: Having been there before, yes.*

HARVEY: It's more clear as the years recede, but I realized that it was different after the war. Oh, yes, goodness, an American official—that was something very special.

*Q: And this really was a sea-change, right after the war, wasn't it? Because the power went from England to us.*

HARVEY: Well, it went to us, you see, for everything. There wasn't any doubt about it at all.

*Q: Was there any Russian presence to speak of in Switzerland before the war, or at the time you were there?*

HARVEY: Well, now let me think. I can't remember any. The only place I remember a Russian embassy was in Athens. In Switzerland I don't think so. You see, the Swiss had no ambassadors; they didn't send ambassadors anywhere—it was too expensive. The country couldn't throw their money away that way! They only had ministers.

And no country had any ambassador in Switzerland, except the French. They kept an ambassador there, and one of them I knew very, very well indeed, later on. He was an old friend, Henri Hoppenot. That was so they would always—except for the Papal Nuncio—be the head of the corps.

*Q: Went back to the Congress of Vienna, I understand—these rules and regulations?*

HARVEY: Yes, I'm sure it did.

*Q: You had an active social life, did you? Did you have to entertain a great deal? Or did your circumstances change?*

HARVEY: No, I didn't. Certainly I didn't in Italy; very little, really. There wasn't much time in Basel when it comes right down to it. I mean, we made friends; my mother made quite a number of friends in Basel, and also in Bern, but particularly in Basel. In spite of all the things that happened to her, she could be as funny as all get out! Just very, very amusing. So she always had many friends. Then we weren't very long up in Bern. I did a little entertaining in Bern, but not very much. It was not something that I needed to do; you see, we didn't have any—at that stage of the Service, and at that point of my being in it—we didn't have any entertainment allowance yet. That had not yet been invented or probably only for the very top-notches.

Then I left Bern on New Year's Day of '41—I was transferred to Lyon. The real reason was I had asked the Department for a transfer. I said I felt a little lonely without my mother and didn't seem to have that much to do, and I would be glad to be sent to London or anywhere where the action was.

They said, “No, we're not sending anybody to London. The only thing people are doing in London is issuing visas to get out of the country.” One of my old chiefs, in fact my last chief from Milan, was then in Lyon and asked for me. So I very glad to go down and be with Walter Sholes in Lyon again. One of the non-career vice-consuls, he was then—also from Milan—came to Lyon, too. So that was sort of like old times for a while.

*Q: It must have been. Now this was when? New Year's Day?*

HARVEY: Of 1941. You see, we were not yet at war, and we were neutral. Then I began my nefarious life.

*Q: Ah-ha!*

HARVEY: Not right away, but pretty soon. I think I mentioned the fact that our military attach#, Barney Legge—General Legge—and his wife, Phyllis, were very, very close friends of mine, in Bern. Soon after I got down to Lyon, Barney Legge asked me if I would help him about some things that he needed help about. So I said, “You bet I will. No problem.” And so I did. I got into a whole lot of business for our military attach# in Bern which did not go through the embassy at Vichy.

*Q: I see, you did this on your own?*

HARVEY: And on his own, straight across to the War Department, and it went on until I left to be interned. And after the war I was given the Medal of Freedom by General Legge. Quite a few people were who had been up to some monkey business—just to help out. The citation had to be changed in the War Department, because at first it had been written that I'd been of great assistance, etc., etc., since my arrival in January of '41 in France. They changed it to December '41.

*Q: Cut out eleven months.*

HARVEY: Of the time when we were supposed to be neutral.

*Q: Oh, of course! Of course.*

HARVEY: Yes. By that time, everybody sort of understood.

*Q: Indeed. But this was because it couldn't be known? When were you given the medal?*

HARVEY: Oh, it was when I was in Zurich. Well, the war may have still been going on. It's a shame I don't have the medal here—it's in the bank. I think the war had come to a close, at least the war in Europe had. I think it was in the Spring of '45. I went back to Europe in January of '45; this was some months later. I think the war was over when I was given it.

*Q: But did the wording have to be changed to placate the State Department?*

HARVEY: Well, it was just to make it legal.

*Q: Oh, I see, it was to make it legal!*

HARVEY: Well, it wasn't legal! Quite obviously it wasn't, but it was leading towards the legality pretty fast at that time.But I've always been glad that I could do it. I learned this not from Legge. Oh, he died not very long after—he was a young man, too, but he had a heart attack. I learned in Washington, after I got back and lived there a while, that our government—that is, the War Department—had the very best information from any source from Barney Legge on what was going on on the Russian front.

*Q: He had his own little network, did he?*

HARVEY: Yes, and I was part of it.

*Q: And you were part of it, gathering information. . .*

HARVEY: And doing what I could.

*Q: Were you part of an underground to help people escape?*

HARVEY: Well, I don't know. Yes, I'll tell you, it wasn't exactly an underground. When I got to Lyon I was immediately put in charge of Belgian interests. We had British interests. That was handled by George Whittinghill, who was a non-career vice-consul. He had been put over in the British Consulate General in Lyon, in charge of British interests. He had already

gotten started on that. We also had Belgian interests, and I was put in charge of that. One of our employees was a Belgian who had worked with our embassy in Brussels. He and his wife—I can't remember now just how they got down to Lyon. In any case, they were stationed there and were part of our whole Foreign Service network.

I think at the very, very end—just before we were all interned—the word came through we were also going to have Yugoslavian interests, but nothing could be done about that.

The Dutch didn't have anybody for their interests, and they didn't seem to need anybody. And the Poles didn't have anybody, and they didn't need anybody.

But we had the Belgian interests, and I was very much involved with that.

*Q: Did you work in their building?*

HARVEY: No, that office was closed. It was done right in my office. Everything was done in my office. He was a wonderful man, just marvelous—he and his wife. Jacques Lagrange and Hilda. Both of them were remarkable people. This, in a sense, didn't have much to do with General Legge, because this was a different story. But I helped General Legge in various ways. I got lots of information from the northern part of France from various quarters and by various people. That went to Legge as fast as we could get it to him, with the pouch going immediately—like that! Right from Lyon, not through Vichy. Also, we didn't like things getting into Vichy; sometimes things got kind of mixed up, and it wasn't as quick. Everything was quicker right from Lyon.

*Q: You sent it by courier?*

HARVEY: Yes, yes. And I took things. I'm sure that Whittinghill did too. I went back and forth quite a bit to Switzerland. I didn't stay at my apartment; that was actually rented to the British military attach#. He was living in my apartment with my maid and my chairs. All

the colonels sitting around rocking back and forth all during the war. Didn't hurt them in the least.

*Q: Why did you leave your place furnished there? Why didn't you move your things with you to Lyon?*

HARVEY: Oh, you couldn't get any place to live. I never had an apartment in Lyon, oh no!

*Q: Oh, I see.*

HARVEY: Oh, no, no. Even to stay in a hotel more than two nights you had to have a requisition for it by the police.

*Q: Really? So how did you live?*

HARVEY: In a hotel; I had a great big room and bath in a hotel on the river. I didn't in the beginning; I moved to this other hotel, and that was nice.

*Q: So you had a good reason to be going back and forth.*

HARVEY: Well, I went back and forth, yes. And there were various occasions. Sometimes I wouldn't get further than Geneva, but Barnie would come down and meet me in a field near Geneva.

*Q: Is that right?*

HARVEY: Well, sometimes. Once I took him a plan of all of the German anti-aircraft stations in and around Paris. He turned kind of pale and said, “I'll remember this!” I thought it was pretty good, too. I said I thought that was interesting, too!

*Q: I should think so!*

HARVEY: And I didn't have any problems. There was always a Gestapo at the border. The Gestapo came right into our office all the time. Our principal in our little office there said, “Never inquire about anybody who comes in.” Just don't know who comes in and who doesn't; it's better not to know. I know quite often you could spot them because they were all over the place. But they were always right with the French official as you left and entered France. This was not occupied France, either! But nevertheless, he was there.

But I had a Ford at that time; I didn't always use it. I used also a French car, but I always went up to Switzerland in my Ford. Fortunately, my Ford's glove compartment—I've never seen another car that had the same—the key to the glove compartment was completely different from any other key to the car. So what I would do when I got out to show my papers to the douane, I would leave my keys conspicuously dangling in the ignition. The other key was down here around my neck under my dress. And I would go in, you see—I probably turned off the engine, but I left everything open,—and soared right through.

*Q: Clever.*

HARVEY: Well, of course things aren't—it would be worse today. Everything is worse today! But I learned all the tricks. Everybody had to.

*Q: Were you frightened at all?*

HARVEY: You don't have time. Besides, I was so fascinated; I was so interested, so determined to do it. Of course I've been frightened in my life, but not doing that sort of thing, not a bit.

*Q: Yes, but you know what would have happened to you if this had been found!*

HARVEY: I don't really know. Who knows?

*Q: It wouldn't have been very good!*

HARVEY: It wouldn't have been good, but however, you don't look for trouble.

*Q: No, but that's remarkable. You were talking about an underground, and we were talking about people escaping. Did you ever . . .*

HARVEY: Well, I wasn't myself involved in any routes, but the Belgians—for instance, the Belgian radio in London which went to Europe and to Belgium—said constantly, every day, “Come, we need you, we need you in the army here. Try to get to North Africa. Go first to the American Consulate in Lyon.” All the time! We looked like a recruiting office. Young people came in and announced this all the time. All these young, round faces would appear! And we shoved them out because the Belgians had their lines pretty well fixed up.

What we did do, and what I did a lot—or at least let it be done for me—was to get out practically the whole Belgian government in exile. And when we got out the man who had been the Belgian attach# at Vichy—we got him out with a nice Belgian passport with a picture on it that was his, but with the name of somebody completely different, with a whole different life story, all signed by C. R. Harvey—you know, in charge of Belgian interests. We got him out on a train through Spain—this is where these people were going then, you see, because they were too old to climb the mountains of the Pyrenees and that sort of thing, so they had to get out that way. We thought we'd done pretty well!

*Q: I should say you had.*

HARVEY: I found a letter from Doug MacArthur, whom I roomed next to while I was interned. We fought most of the time. I got a letter from Doug MacArthur, that I found yesterday in some papers. You can read it, because I think that's it. He (the Belgian) was one of the people that he's talking about. I can't remember minister of what department he was, but he was one of the officials of the government.

(Reads) “From Douglas MacArthur II,” who was then at our embassy in Brussels. “June 19, 1963,” “Dear Constance, just a brief note to let you know that I sat next to Belgian

Minister of State Deshriver at luncheon several days ago, and your ears should have burned from the many nice things he said about you. He remembers, with gratitude, your helpfulness to him in 1940, when you were serving in Lyon and he was in France en route to England, where he became a member of the Belgian government in exile. He remembers you very well and will look you up later this year when he comes to Strasbourg for the meetings of the European Parliamentary Assembly.

“This is in haste, but carries with it good wishes and warmest personal regards.

“Sincerely, Doug.”

*Q: Isn't that remarkable?*

HARVEY: DeShriver was just one of many.

*Q: Indeed? How nice that he was grateful all those years later.*

HARVEY: Well, he probably still had the passport with my name on it as a souvenir. But this we could do, you see, because after all, I didn't make up these passports; the Belgian employee made them up, and he knew all about everything. After all, I just signed what he brought for me to sign.

*Q: Yes, but it took a great deal of moral courage!*

HARVEY: I never thought anything about it; I was delighted to do it—as much as I could do.

*Q: Yes. We were mentioning before how there was never any question in your mind that the United States should get into the war.*

HARVEY: Oh, I think it was inevitable. But, of course, it happened on that awful day of ignominy in '41. I remember that day very, very well.

*Q: Where were you when you first heard about Pearl Harbor?*

HARVEY: On the 7th of December. It was a Sunday, wasn't it?

*Q: It was, indeed.*

HARVEY: It was, indeed, a Sunday. I was preparing to go out and have lunch in the country with some very good French friends, and I heard it on the radio, about Pearl Harbor. I knew what that meant pretty well. I telephoned and I said, “I'm sorry, I can't come.”

They said, “Why not?”

I said, “Turn on your radio. Goodbye.” Then I was ordered back to Bern, because they were desperate to get as many people into Bern as they possibly could, for they were sure that the Germans were going to occupy Southern France and Franco was going to join Hitler. I knew better, because I had a good source for knowing that that never would happen.

*Q: That Franco would never join? I know that was quite a concern.*

HARVEY: Oh, it was, quite unnecessarily so. But in any case, I and the consul—who was a very young man, too—he and I were ordered to go to Bern and several other people from different offices in France, because they wanted to get all the people into Switzerland that they possibly could. Allen Dulles just got in before they thought the frontiers would close. We all rushed back. I finally made it, with my Persian cat, with just barely enough gasoline to roll into Geneva Christmas Eve of 1941. And I was glad that the head of the Swiss government had said this was the one night of the whole year when there wouldn't be a black-out, because the black-out in Switzerland was blacker than it was anywhere else—London, or Paris, or anywhere else—it was black!

But this year there was a great big Christmas tree, all full of lights all over the place, and I had just enough gasoline to get across the frontier—me and my cat. I spent the night there, and then finally I got up having left my car behind because I couldn't get any more gasoline. With the cat in a basket, we went up on the train to Bern, where we were supposed to report the day after Christmas.

I wasn't very pleased to be there; I didn't want to be there at all. I said, pretty soon, to the deputy, “I think I'd better go back. The Consul General down there hasn't got anybody with him. It's very bad; he needs people back there. I think I should go back. There's not going to be this business of Switzerland being shut off.”

They didn't believe that. After a couple of days they said, “Now you people are all keyed up. You've got to relax. This is now a quiet country. You've got to pull yourselves together, and we've got plenty of interesting work to do here. You can be doing review of newspapers and so forth.”

So I did that for a few days, then I went back and talked to the Deputy. I'd known him before and he was a nice man. He said, “No, no.”

I pounded on his table and broke his inkwell! And then he said, “I'll telegraph.”

So he did, he telegraphed to the Department and they said, “Yes, send her back.” So I was sent back, and therefore a year later I got interned. But I never regretted it.

The reason that I knew about the business about Franco [was] I had a number of conversations with a really rather famous man, Royall Tyler. Mr. Royall Tyler, during that period, was living in Geneva, whereas Mrs. Tyler was still at their chateau in Dijon—even after occupation to see that it was more or less kept in order. He used to come through Lyon every once in a while and would ask me out to lunch. I think he had just happened into the consulate once, and took me out to lunch, and then he would do it again. I was very flattered to know this distinguished and very interesting gentleman, who was never a

member of our government but was very well known. He had been once financial advisor to the Hungarian government, among other exploits.

[In] any case, his story about himself: as a young man he had started out going to school at Oxford. He had stayed there about one term and didn't care for it, so he decided he would go to Spain, to the University of Salamanca, instead—where he spent at least three or maybe four years. From that university he got his degree, and also got to know everybody of any importance in Spain, and had been there many times and knew Spanish and the Spaniards backwards and forwards.

He told me firmly, several times, “Spaniards will never permit Franco to join up with Hitler. You can just forget it; it isn't going to happen.” And I knew that he knew what he was talking about. But the Department just couldn't quite believe that. I think he must have informed them, too, but they didn't believe it. I knew he was right; he knew what he knew.

*Q: Certainly there's a national will in any country. Either it goes along or it doesn't.*

HARVEY: That's right.

*Q: When you were doing this work in Lyon, was the Consul General aware of what you were doing? Or was this strictly your own independent enterprise?*

HARVEY: This was my own independent enterprise, until we got into the war, and then the Consul—who was then there, who had come out fairly recently—called me and George Whittinghill into his office, and he said, “I know all about you kids, what you've been up to. You can take me aboard now. We can share it together. I was told what you were doing.”

*Q: And you actually sent things by the pouch?*

HARVEY: Yes. Well, I had the control of the pouch just as it left. I got anything I wanted into that pouch. One of those things that was very necessary often was industrial diamonds. They traveled up to Switzerland in that pouch quite frequently. They had been

purchased by a Swiss who had been in the business, who became a very good friend of mine, who had been asked by the British to help with the cause for Americans to get industrial diamonds. And he said, “No problem, I go back and forth all the time, but I just can't carry them into Switzerland.” But they got to Switzerland without him!

*Q: Isn't that amazing; that was so important! Industrial diamonds were vital.*

HARVEY: It was very difficult at that time, because you couldn't get any from South Africa. That was just one of the little things. Once, at least, I got a whole—well, more than once—great box of gold sovereigns which was to pay part of the British secret service. I can't quite remember how that got into their hands, but it did.

*Q: Those of us on the outside have no idea about this secret network, subterraneously taking care of all these things.*

HARVEY: The embassy didn't know anything about that either. It just had to be done; these things had to be done, that was all there was to it. I just knew that any kind of information would get out from Legge's office faster than from any other area, and it would go by telegraph or whatever we did then, right straight to the War Department, who of course would pass it right on to the Department of State.

So they did know in the Department before long that I was up to shenanigans, but Vichy didn't know.

*Q: And that, of course, is what counted.*

HARVEY: And I must say that there were quite a few things I won't go into now that our chief, when I was interned with him, said to me soon after we got to Germany. “I think you were doing a lot on your own, acting independently, Constance. That was not right.”

I bowed my head. Years later I met Kippy Tuck [S. Pinkney Tuck], whom I liked very much at an airport—Orly I think—and said, “Oh, Kippy, what you told me once about acting independently; I know that was proper advice.”

He said, “I've regretted it ever since. I know you were right.” But his plane was called and mine was called, and we rushed in opposite directions and never saw each other again.

*Q: Oh, but he had a chance to tell you that you had been right all the time.*

HARVEY: I was glad for that word of forgiveness.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: We had all kinds of people coming. I had someone coming in from the Belgian secret service who was parachuted in all the time; and, I think, I knew him by his real name. Usually we didn't know any of these people by that. I think his name was Dewind. He used to come to my apartment and have a drink or a meal with me in the hotel, and tell me all about his wife and children.

The Belgians were running a very good shop; they did several things I learned more about after the war. They had several lines to different parts.

*Q: How did they get them out? What did they use—trucks, or cars? What physical transportation did they use to get these people out?*

HARVEY: Well, usually people had to walk, of course. But, there was something in a book called Le Passage de l'Iraty—which I've got but I don't remember—which describes some kind of conveyance that went almost up to the Spanish border. Then they let people off there. It had something to do with logging, I think, or something like that. The people would go and they would see that they got mixed up with the logs, or something over there, and

got pushed up like that. I can't quite remember what the story was. I learned all of that later, after the war. I didn't know about that at the time. I just knew that it was working.

*Q: People are pretty ingenious when they have to be, aren't they?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes! And you know, back in Lyon days, I also had the privilege of having stay in the same hotel with me, for several months, a young woman—and a friend of mine—who took the Foreign Service exams when I did, but did not get taken. That was Virginia Hall. She was there, now with an artificial leg, because she had been in a shooting accident and shot off part of her foot and had to have it amputated. She was there—officially working for some kind of newspaper—but she was really working for the British Foreign Office, or something like that—British War Department, I guess. In any case, she was working for the British. She did a lot about getting people organized to blow up bridges, and there were a whole lot of things. She had a whole squad of people working for her. She was in the same hotel with me. She only had one artificial leg with her; unfortunately, when something went wrong with it, I had to put Ginny to bed and send for the tinsmith.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: So we did, but then she was not allowed to join us when we were interned. I was told firmly that she could not join herself to our group. So in the end she had to walk over the Pyrenees with somebody. I don't mean she walked from Lyon to the Pyrenees, but she went down there, and finally had to go over the Pyrenees. One of the bravest people I've ever known.

*Q: Indeed she is!*

HARVEY: Really terrific. Later, when she was back in this country, she worked for CIA for a number of years. And she married a Frenchman, whom I think she knew, possibly, during the war. Her married name was Goylot.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: I tried, but they said it had been decided that they wouldn't let her join us.

*Q: Well, there was nothing you could do.*

HARVEY: I really couldn't do anything. Well, I don't know, maybe I could have. I'll tell you about one thing, at the very end, which I think will be the end of my story in Lyon. This Belgian, who worked so hard for Belgian interests with me—on the Monday before we were to leave for internment—we already knew that we were going to be interned by the Vichy government, on the Wednesday after our landings in North Africa—on the Monday, we heard that he had been taken from the military hospital where he was under military arrest—and had been for a week or so, by the Vichy government, probably on orders from the Gestapo and that he was on a train to be taken to a concentration camp! I said to my chief, “I've got to go and see the police. I'm going at once.”

He said, “You can't do anything. How can you?”

I said, “I've got to go; I must go.”

So I went, and I spent an hour and a half or two hours in the police chief's office and refused to leave. He said, “No, no, you can't, absolutely.”

I said, “Look here. I went to school in France. France is a second country to me. If you don't get this man back to the hospital so that he can have the operation which he's scheduled to have, I'll spend the rest of my life working against France.”

Finally he said, “I'll telephone.”

So ten minutes before the train left they got him off and put him in a car.

*Q: Good for you!*

HARVEY: Well, I cried. I didn't have to act very much, I felt absolutely inflamed with fury. I said, “I will not go to a comfortable, diplomatic internment and let that man go to a concentration camp. I won't take it.” So we got him off the train and he was taken in a police ambulance back to the hospital. I followed in my car, with his wife. By that time we had gotten together.

We got in, and sat down on his bed, and laughed and laughed and laughed, and ate up all Jack's dinner. Poor thing, he didn't have any. Then we were interned on the Wednesday, and went away.

The day that happened things happened in the South of France. People who were not going to help started to help. One of the nurses—one of the nuns in the hospital—dressed Jack up in her sister's garb and got him out of the hospital. And he, who was an atheist, I guess, fled to the Archbishop's palace, where he was tucked away until some of his friends could take him, and somehow they smuggled him into Switzerland where he spent the rest of the war. His wife finally joined him in Switzerland, I think also by being smuggled through the barbed wire, or something similar. So that was something.

*Q: What a story!*

HARVEY: I was beside myself. He was, I must say, he was a very brave man. He never would have lived—he was in bad health as it was—he wouldn't have possibly survived. I had eight people I knew go to concentration camps, and four did not return. Two of our clerks went. One came back and lived a few years, but the woman died in Mauthausen. And my dressmaker, she got back, too.

*Q: And this was not because they were Jewish?*

HARVEY: Not one of them happened to be Jewish.

*Q: What were they guilty of?*

HARVEY: Working.

*Q: I see.*

HARVEY: Yes. The French resistance was not very well organized. I can't really say that I had any direct connections with it. The Belgian resistance was very well organized, and I knew a lot about that. Even some French people I knew worked for the Belgian resistance.

As a matter-of-fact, the daughter of the man who was later de Gaulle's representative in Washington—his 17-year-old daughter, Violaine Hoppenot—we knew each other well, and she was working for the Belgian underground. My last night in Lyon I wasn't in my hotel. I was asked by friends who thought it was safer to be at their house, and that's where Violaine was, too, the last night that we were there.

After we returned and got onto the train to go to be interned, she went back to Paris and worked in one of the undergrounds in northern France which were much better organized than the things in the south. She was arrested walking on the street with one of the members of her underground, but they weren't speaking to each other. They were taken to the German police. First I think they were put into the same compartment, where they interrogated them. They said, “We didn't know each other. After all, there we were, two people on the street; what can you do?”

But Violaine said to me, “I gave him his last cigarette. He was taken into the room next door, and I heard him die. Then they didn't seem to have anything on me, so they let me go, probably because they thought I'd show them where there were others.” But she went underground for a number of months and dyed her hair and looked completely different, and disappeared from the scene. Then she surfaced and started working with another group, until Paris was taken. Then she got on a bomber and came to see her father, who was then de Gaulle's representative in Washington, whom I'd gotten to know right well already.

*Q: Good heavens!*

HARVEY: Yes, she was really a very brave girl.

*Q: She must have been.*

HARVEY: Seventeen-year-old girl. She also had a very strong influence on her father. She was the apple of his eye; I think she was an only child.

*Q: It gives me the chills to hear.*

HARVEY: It does me, too, even to think about it.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: Well, yes, the Germans occupied all of France at that time, you see. Vichy then more or less did what they told them to do. Any case, we were all interned and we were sent to Lourdes. We spent about two and a half months in Lourdes. We were interned on the 11th of November of 1942, and had a dreadful time getting out of Lyon.

*Q: How did you get out?*

HARVEY: Well, of course the trouble was the police came to take us away from our hotels. They scooped us up and took us down to the station and got us onto the train. These were the regular police, you see. Then our luggage didn't come. The luggage had to go by another route—it couldn't go in the police car. I said, “I'm not going without my luggage. After all, it will probably never re-appear, and I will not go on this train.”

My chief and this elderly non-career vice-consul who was with us, it was just the three of us. George Whittinghill had been transferred quite a while before that. I had British interests at the end, you see, as well as the others. In any case, I said, “I won't go. I'm getting off the train.”

So they said, “Well, we'll get off with you.” By that time the police that had taken us there had disappeared—gone away! The Germans were flowing through; there was just nobody on the streets; just nobody looking at all. Vacant streets everywhere. So I said, “I think we'd better telephone the police and tell them we're still here, because you know that otherwise there will be trouble, sooner or later.”

So I did, and they said, “Well, you'll just have to go on the afternoon train, which after all you can hook up with a sleeper. You can get on that and it will take you around to Lourdes, but it won't go for several hours.” You see, it didn't leave until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

So, how to get any lunch. We were hungry by that time. There wasn't a bit of food anywhere near—within sight. We were miles away from anything. For a long time—for months—you couldn't eat in any restaurant anywhere unless you had a reservation two or three days in advance, because there was no food. It was an awful shortage of food; there was no place to get food except in a black market restaurant.

So we started walking, because there were no taxis, and no kind of transportation running. So the three of us started walking back to where we thought there was a little restaurant that we had been in—a good one, too! As we walked along, we passed a small group—about three Poles—whom we'd known about. They looked at us as if they'd seen a ghost!

*Q: I'll bet.*

HARVEY: But we didn't look as if we knew anything about them, or they to us, you see; we just went past each other. But they looked scared almost, to think we were still there.

We got to the little restaurant, and they said, “Oh, no, no, complet. Pas de place. Rien a manger. Rien a boire.”

I stuck my head in and I said, “Is Mr. So and So (I don't remember his name now) here? Does he really want to have the Consul General [Marshal Vance] and his two officers who are going to be interned not have anything to eat before we leave for internment?”

The man stuck his head out and he said, “Come in behind the curtain.”

So he whisked us in behind a curtain, where we had a banquet with champagne, and I can't tell you!

*Q: You're the person to be lost some place with!*

HARVEY: I was also lucky. In any case, that was terrific! We enjoyed ourselves very well. And to our amazement, a couple of our friends came to find out where we were, and they stuck their heads in and had a cup with us, or something like that. One of the persons was interned with us later, one of the Quakers. In any case, then we finally turned around and walked back and got on our train, because the luggage had come. During our first bit at the station—before I got into this awful temper and got off the train—several of my crazy friends had come to say goodbye. Some were all right—it didn't matter—but one was an Alsatian gentleman who had been the head of the Chamber of Commerce of Strasbourg before it fled to Lyon. A great many people from Strasbourg were in Lyon at that time. He had come with a great bouquet of flowers to present to me before I left. I heard of this, and I said to one of my women friends there, “Get that man off the platform with his flowers, as fast as you can. Don't let him come anywhere near me. He must be out of his mind!” You know, “Beware, beware!”

*Q: Yes!*

HARVEY: So they finally persuaded him to leave, and 25 years later I met him again in Strasbourg.

*Q: So you were able to thank him 25 years later, for the flowers?*

HARVEY: Yes, and I went to his funeral. It was the first time I ever saw a woman take the place of a man as a priest. I mean it was not a Catholic funeral, it was a Lutheran funeral, I suppose, because that's what most of them were in that area. She did a very wonderful service. The dear man was laid to rest in great and proper state.

—

*Q: Well, we were talking yesterday about the different people that you knew when you were at Lyon, and I believe you had some more people you wanted to mention. Pickersgill, perhaps. You wanted to discuss the young man?*

HARVEY: Yes, I wanted to tell everybody about one of my guests during the time I was stationed at Lyon.

I had a place in the country, which I loved, in the department of the Ain, just about halfway between Lyon and Geneva. I often had people down there for weekends, because it was possible to get food that you couldn't get in town. As a matter of fact, one of my good friends in the area was the man who sold butter and cheese. I used to send people to go to buy there, or I would go myself because this was real black market.

He was very pro-American, and he always wanted to talk politics with me. He would say, “Now mademoiselle, let us just go up to my sitting room upstairs above the shop, and we can talk about when the Americans are going to arrive. We can have a little drink.” So I would go up with him and he would put his great arms—like hams—down on the table, and he said, “Tell me where and when they are going to come.”

This was one of the bits of the local scene—that was important. I had, also, two young Alsatian boys who were refugees and had no place to stay who came to me. I didn't give them salaries, but I gave them board and lodging. They went around trying to buy up

rabbits to eat and eggs to put in an omelette, and any little thing that they could on rickety bicycles which I had acquired.

Then one of the weekends I asked to come a young man who had appeared in the consulate, and whom we were trying to help to get out, with the proper visa—by train. Because he really was not in a state of being able to be sent by any other way, through the mountains or anything—of southern France. He wanted to get to Portugal, and he had escaped from Saint Denis Prison and came down into the southern zone, and he finally ended up in Lyon. He was Canadian, from the province of Manitoba, and had been studying for the Canadian diplomatic service in Paris. His name was Frank Pickersgill, and he—wait just a minute here—I think he was at that time—how old?.

*Q: Twenty-seven years old.*

HARVEY: Twenty-seven years old. He spoke perfect French. None of my friends had any idea that he wasn't French. He was very anxious to get back to his own people and to get into some kind of service in England.

*Q: Military service you mean?*

HARVEY: Yes. I took him out to the country because he needed to be built up; he was very lean, and pretty hungry, and he had practically no clothes. We always had trouble clothing these people who came to us as refugees because you couldn't buy any clothing. We couldn't give him very good clothes, because we had to save them for the people who were going to be around a long time. But we were sure that we were going to be able to get him out with a proper passport, because he was deaf in one ear—very fortunately. That made him a “non-combatant,” and he would be permitted to leave France, by train through Spain.

But it took a long time to get the papers together and to get the permission to leave. In the meantime, he helped me write a newsletter in French about various happenings, which

perhaps the young Frenchmen he knew all over the area would be interested in reading and passing on to other friends.

*Q: Clandestinely?*

HARVEY: Clandestinely, you see. He was out in the country and stayed there for a while, and we finally got him off after a long delay. I was able to have money given to him from an account I had in dollars in Lisbon, at the embassy in Lisbon. So he was able—after he made Lisbon—to get over to England.

*Q: Well, you couldn't use his own name on his papers?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, we did.

*Q: Even though he was a prisoner?*

HARVEY: Well, he'd escaped you see. He'd escaped from the German prison, and he was then in Vichy France.

*Q: I see.*

HARVEY: That didn't matter. No, he went out under his own name. He had a proper exit permit.

*Q: On a Canadian passport?*

HARVEY: We had all kinds of British interests. It was a Canadian passport, I guess, I don't know what we gave him. It couldn't have been an American one, and it really couldn't have been a British one; but we had all kinds—

*Q: All kinds to choose from!*

HARVEY: (laughter) —that we could give out. This was one of the rare ones—that was the only one that could be given, a Canadian. I don't remember. But in any case, Pick did get out and he joined up in London. But he was there some time, and he was assigned to a unit which was to be parachuted back into France as a spy. He finally was, but stupidly enough, they sent out as many as twenty people in one drop! They were all picked up by the Germans, almost immediately because they were such a crowd! They were put in prison in Paris. I learned later that Pick had almost freed the whole group from the prison, because he was able to break out; but he fell himself and broke his leg. They were all put back in and then transported to Germany.

He went to Buchenwald where one of our own clerks at the consulate in Lyon later found him, when he himself was taken there in 1944. He said, “It was just the same old Pick that we knew; he hadn't changed a bit.” He was one of the most cheerful people they had there.

But shortly after Mr. Crooks arrived from Lyon, Pickersgill was hanged, on a butcher's hook. It was not unjustified; he was a spy and spies are liable to be executed. He knew exactly what he was doing and getting into when he came back to France.

*Q: Yes, he must have. It must take a very special person to parachute behind the lines under circumstances like that.*

HARVEY: Oh, there were lots of them; oh gosh, there were an awful lot. We had them of all nationalities. We had an American who actually was parachuted. I didn't handle him, but the office did. And of course, a lot of the Belgians were regularly parachuted in; this happened constantly. There were regular places. They would have a very small flashlight where they were expected, you see. I had a Belgian—in the Belgian service—who came regularly from Belgium. Then he would come to us and go out and to England. Then a few months later, back he'd be.

*Q: That's one question I wanted to ask you. You talked about industrial diamonds that were destined, eventually, for the United States. How did they get out of Switzerland?*

HARVEY: I suppose in the pouch.

*Q: Oh, of course—flown I suppose?*

HARVEY: It wouldn't be flown.

*Q: A pouch to England?*

HARVEY: No, the pouch would be going to the United States from the Legation in Bern.

*Q: And it would go to Portugal?*

HARVEY: That's right; yes. That's the way it surely must have gone. They weren't flying things out at that time. Of course, I'm sure the border was closed completely later on. That was one reason they were anxious to get them as soon as they could.

*Q: So they'd take a train, I suppose, across the Iberian Peninsula?*

HARVEY: The courier would go by train through Spain and to Portugal. Everyone who went through Spain—courier included—had to take their food with them, because you couldn't get anything to eat in Spain at all! It was appalling, the situation in Spain.

*Q: Yes, right after the Civil War.*

HARVEY: Absolutely appalling!

*Q: Then from there they'd be shipped, would they, from Lisbon?*

HARVEY: Yes, undoubtedly. I mean, that's the way that sort of thing would have gone. I don't know whether they had air service to Lisbon much; I doubt that there was much.

*Q: Couldn't have been very much, not at that early stage.*

HARVEY: No, I don't think so. There wasn't a great deal of Atlantic traffic. Well, of course, I did come across myself. My first flight in the air at all, I returned to Europe in January of 1945 on a MATS plane. I was the only civilian on the plane.

*Q: Really? And that was from where to where?*

HARVEY: From Washington to Paris.

*Q: Well, that was, I think, pretty unusual, though.*

—

HARVEY: I want to remember, at this time, two of our clerks in our office in Lyon. People we have often referred to as “locals,” an epithet I dislike. Throughout the service we have been blessed by nationals of the host country who have done incredible services for the United States.

One of these was Henry Crooks; half Belgian, half British, with a British passport, who had been at the office in Lyon for a number of years, as had, also, Madame Marguerite Sandoz, who was French. After the three Americans were interned in November of 1942, they stayed on in the office, which was taken over by the Swiss government and which had our interests.

*Q: And provided services? But there wouldn't be any Americans needing services then. So what did they do, just keep it ticking?*

HARVEY: Yes, I don't know exactly what they did. There perhaps were—that's a good question. I don't know what services actually they could have rendered at that time,

because many Americans had already been taken away for various camps. But the office was kept open for American business right straight through as far as I am aware.

But sometime in the very early spring of 1944, both Crooks and Mrs. Sandoz were arrested by the Germans. Mrs. Sandoz was entering the consulate and the officer came up to her and said, “Are you Madame Sandoz?”

She said, “Bien sure.” And was taken away to prison. Mr. Crooks was too. They were interrogated separately, and together, and then again separately. And there is no doubt from what was reported to us later by Crooks that the Germans were very much interested to know what they had been doing for the Americans. Madame Sandoz was taken to Mauthausen, where she died a few months later of starvation and dysentery, leaving behind a husband and a young son.

*Q: Which prison was this?*

HARVEY: Mauthausen. Crooks was put in a car with probably almost 100 other men, all stripped naked, and shipped off to Buchenwald.

*Q: You mean one of those cattle cars, those trains?*

HARVEY: Exactly. Some of them died in that car. He said if you raised your foot you couldn't even find a place to put it down. He was in Buchenwald until he was liberated by the American troops, and he finally got back to Lyon. I saw him afterward a number of times. He also came up to see me when I was in Zurich. He said, “You know when Pickersgill came into that camp, he was just the same old chap we'd always known. He was full of life and vigor and interested in everything.” But it didn't last long for him.

Crooks lived about 14 years after he got back to Lyon, but his health was never very good. He worked almost till the end at the consulate.

*Q: What aged man was he? Was he in his 40's?*

HARVEY: I think he was probably in his 40's. I'm bad at ages, but that was about right—early 40's I should imagine. We could have done something for his son, but we never did.

*Q: Was he ever given any sort of remuneration or recognition?*

HARVEY: Oh, he was given some kind, but nothing very concrete. He should have liked very much to have his son go on a scholarship to the United States, but it was never possible to arrange it.

These were probably two of many people who had given their lives for the United States.

HARVEY: Sandoz's son.

*Q: Something should have been done for her son, yes.*

HARVEY: Yes. I don't know whether Crooks had a son; I've got them mixed up. Somehow I've got to get that straightened out.

*Q: Well really, the principle is the same; it doesn't matter whose son it was. Somebody's children should have been taken care of because these people gave their lives for us! The loyalty of these people always astonishes me.*

HARVEY: It's amazing. You're absolutely right; they have been extraordinary in many, many countries. I've heard other stories.

I might say that as far as I remember, the French resistance was far better organized and active in the occupied zone than it was in my time in the unoccupied zone. After occupation took place the groups in the south began to work better, and in earnest. But of course, we were gone long before that.

I was told by a Frenchman in the French Embassy in Bern, sometime I think in 1942, something that I should always remember about the demarcation. He told me that he had a German friend—they had both been professors somewhere—an old friend of his, that he had known for a long time. Not very long before the beginning of the war they were together and talked about the awful possibility. “Wasn't it good that, after all, there was peace now between the two countries?”

The German said, “I don't think it's going to last. One of these days my children will be killing your children. The plan is to divide France.” And he said, “The line is going to run so and so.”

This Frenchman said to me that when actually it was drawn, “It was almost exactly what my friend had told me.”

*Q: He had said that after the first war?*

HARVEY: No, it perhaps a year or so before the Second World War. It was a very clever way to handle France, because when you've lost everything you're a lot braver than when you've got something still to lose. They took advantage of that. They were always terrified that the rest of the country would be occupied and then, of course, there were the million prisoners; something would happen to them if they took up arms again in any way.

After the occupation of the whole country, it pulled itself together in a different way, I know.

*Q: Yes, yes indeed.*

HARVEY: And that story about the demarcation line, I think, is a very significant little anecdote. It certainly shows a tremendous grasp of psychology, doesn't it?

HARVEY: Well, yes. They weren't always so good about that, but somebody was this time.

They wanted to dominate the continent, but I believe they really hoped that England would not enter the war.

*Q: Why do you think the Germans declared war on us at Pearl Harbor?*

HARVEY: Because of Japan; they were already, of course, an ally of Japan.

*Q: Yes, that's true, they were; but it certainly was not in their best interest.*

HARVEY: Certainly not.

*Q: It was the dumbest thing they could have done. They could have waited for us to declare it on them, maybe, but they jumped right in with both feet. I have never understood that.*

HARVEY: Yes, I have often asked myself that question.

*Q: Have you?*

HARVEY: And I've never really heard a real good answer to it. It is really extraordinary, because it certainly would have delayed things, at least.

*Q: Yes, exactly. We weren't anxious to fight on two fronts at that point. We would have had to do it; we would have been forced to. But Japan—since we just lost our navy—was about all we could handle. You have already told me where you were when you heard the news about Pearl Harbor.*

Are there any other heroes of this time? It's very moving to hear about them.

HARVEY: Oh, there were a number, but I don't know that I know enough about all their stories. I knew several other people who were taken to camps; my dressmaker was rescued by the Swiss Red Cross, from Mauthausen, I think, and brought to Switzerland

because she was dying of tuberculosis. This was very near the end of the war, and I had not realized this very clever and competent woman had been a “post office” for a long time.

*Q: How soon were you able to pick up news of these people? You yourself were interned and then, of course, you had to leave the country.*

HARVEY: After I returned to Europe.

*Q: To Zurich?*

HARVEY: To Zurich. Then I began to learn and find out what happened to people. Even a bit before, because I had—for various reasons—I had to stay several weeks in Paris before I could get to Zurich. That was just during the Battle of the Bulge, when things were going very badly, but I finally was able to get a train out, and with a good many changes get to Zurich.

*Q: But Paris was under German occupation at that time?*

HARVEY: No, no, no.

*Q: Oh, of course, the Battle of the Bulge—after Normandy, yes. I'm sorry, I'm getting confused.*

HARVEY: Yes, yes, it's easy to get them crossed.

*Q: Let's return to your internment. Could you describe the sort of life you led when you were interned?*

HARVEY: It had both it's comic side and one grizzly incident. I think I'll tell you about both.

*Q: Fine.*

HARVEY: The grizzly incident occurred first. This is really, again, one of my heroes. In fact, it's the bravest person I've ever known.

It was a little Frenchman called Pierre Dupont. This chap, who was interned with us was a very low-ranking officer in the French Foreign Service. When we went to Lourdes he was sent with us as our French guardian. He had lived in the United States about two years, taught French at Smith College, and was married to an American girl who had died young, and he was a very young widower. A rather modest sort of character.

We were interned in three different hotels in Lourdes, and the French were kind about it. They let us go have meals in each other's hotels when our friends wanted to ask us over, provided we had a guard to take us around. The guard almost always had to be Monsieur Dupont. I went with about three other people from my hotel to another hotel one night in January of 1943. Monsieur Dupont was with us.

At the dinner table we began to talk about something most of us hadn't thought about yet, but we were just beginning to worry about. Instead of being exchanged, as we had expected, rather quickly through Spain, the Germans might think they wanted us. We talked about what would happen if they did, and whether they'd come and get us.

Monsieur Dupont looked pretty troubled at this. During the blackout, as we walked home, he walked with me, supposedly taking my arm in the darkness. Well, I practically had to carry the poor little man; he was trembling like an aspen leaf. If you've really felt physical fear, physically, yourself, you'll never forget it. He was really a little Mr. Milquetoast and scared to death.

It was less than a week later that the Germans did come to take us. We were put on a train and taken away by the German Army to Baden-Baden, where we were to spend 13 months. Mr. Dupont went with us as the representative of the neutral government of Vichy. We also had, of course, a Swiss Foreign Service Officer with us as a member of our

protecting power. There was also a German diplomat in residence with us, who enjoyed being there because he didn't have to live under the bombings in Berlin.

After a number of weeks, Monsieur Dupont—who did not eat with the rest of us; he ate at the table with the Germans—I noticed that he looked awfully shaken. He'd gotten up from the table once and tears were almost running down his cheeks, and he went out of the dining room rapidly. A few days later, to at least my astonishment, he introduced a young Alsatian girl as his fiancee, and presented her to everybody. It seemed very odd to me, but we all accepted her, and congratulated them. She came and visited with us. We saw her in and out. She could go all over the place because she, as an Alsatian still living in Alsace and having not fled to the center of France, was of course now treated as a member of the Great Reich. She had a regular identity card, as other Alsatians did, to travel freely throughout Germany. It was now her country. We didn't see much of her, but she did come and go.

Then one Sunday somebody came up and said, “Kippy Tuck,” (the head of our group), “has just been informed that Monsieur Dupont is locked into his room with an German armed guard standing outside.” And in another room, a bit down the corridor, Tom Cassidy, who was an attach# at the embassy in Vichy and really OSS, had been locked into his room, with an armed guard standing outside. “Nobody can see them, they are incommunicado.”

Well, there wasn't much anyone could do about it; the Swiss couldn't do anything about it. About a day later—I think a couple of meals, perhaps, were taken into them—we were able to see Cassidy, but Monsieur Dupont had disappeared and we never saw him again. But there is a story to this.

When we were on walks, in a long crocodile tail with the Gestapo before and behind, it was about the only time that we really could speak freely, being sure that we weren't being heard. Cassidy told a couple of us, and I heard him say, “I've sent that man to his death.

I know I have. He was getting out information I was able to cook up about the results of British bombings, and the girl was carrying it out to some place she could send out the messages.” And, poor Cassidy just had to live with this. He said, “He was afraid to do it. He didn't want to do it, but he did it.”

Well, there's a sequel to this story, and it's a thrilling sequel. After the war was over and quite a few of our group were back in the embassy in Paris, one day one of them said, “Constance, you can't believe it. One day in walked Monsieur Dupont. And he was a changed character. You remember what a little Mr. Milquetoast he was, how frightened he was of everything? Well, he isn't like that anymore. He's calm, collected, knows what he's doing, knows where he's going, and I think he's going to be back in the French diplomatic service.”

And what had happened was: he had been taken under sentence to be executed and put in the Alexander Platz Prison—solitary confinement—in Berlin, where he was apparently forgotten for a year and a half, until he was liberated. And instead of breaking him, he had become a man!

Afterwards, I heard from one of my French colleagues at the embassy in Bonn that they had told him, “We'll do anything you want. We're going to send you back to Washington, at the embassy, and you can be Cultural Officer.”

And he said, “Oh, I don't think I'm trained to do a thing like that. I don't think I could possibly do it.”

They said, “You're going to go and you'll have all the help you want. We're going to do anything we can think of for you.”

And he did, he went back. He was stationed for a few years in Washington, and married another American girl. But he died rather young.

*Q: Did he? From his mistreatment?*

HARVEY: Well, he just was kind of worn out, I guess.

*Q: Yes, of course he was.*

HARVEY: I had a chance to see him once there, because somebody asked him to come and have a drink, and told him that I was asked also. He said he'd come, but at the last minute he telephoned that he couldn't come. I think I understood.

*Q: What happened to the Alsatian girl? Was she taken up?*

HARVEY: I have no idea. I don't know.

*Q: Now what about Cassidy? Did he get away?*

HARVEY: No, he was just returned to us.

*Q: He remained . . .*

HARVEY: With us. Now, for something on the lighter side. You really wouldn't think that any sensible man would go and get himself interned twice in the same war! But this was the case of Phil Whitcomb, who was the correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, first in Berlin. He was interned with the Berlin group, in 1941. They had only something like five months' internment. He'd already been very much interested there in adult education. It was his hobby, and he started what he called “The College of the Internees.”

Well, he came back after they were dis-interned—and went back to the States—he came back to France, and married a French woman he'd been in love with for some time, and got interned again with us! He was delighted, because we were going to be interned and he would immediately organize a college for us. Inside of 24 hours, he had a bulletin written up, and everybody was supposed to sign up for various classes to teach and

classes to learn. You were to get yourself signed up for both—it was the only way we could get through our internment, which (we thought) probably wouldn't be long, but it turned out to be 13 months.

We laughed and laughed, and we signed up just to please Phil. It was our Godsend. Everybody did do things; that was very nice. I had a class in American Literature, for which I had one Bret Harte book and a very small anthology, and I had four elementary school kids to teach, who had never been back in the States but were Americans. I also taught Italian to adults. And, of course, I took many other interesting courses. We had practically no books, and everybody had to remember what they could. Books came later.

Then, on the other side, there were other funny things that happened, especially very late—after we already had heard we were going to be exchanged. That was in January of 1944. We were finally exchanged in early February, or something like that. We had been taken out on various walks, regularly, by the Gestapo. And sometimes even taken through the snow to a little Gastube, or a little inn, up where we could sometimes get some horrible beer to drink, or something like that. They were usually quite friendly with us, on the whole.

One day, as I say, when we were nearing the time we were getting ready to leave, a group of about eight men had gone out for a walk, and when they came back one was missing. Vanished.It was the A.P. correspondent, McHenry Henry.

*Q: His name was McHenry Henry?*

HARVEY: That's right! Well, the Gestapo were not that worried about it, and the rest of us were. The German diplomat didn't seem to be so worried about it, but one person was frantic! Paced up and down the hotel lobby, saying, “That so and so, that son of a bitch so and so. He's made for the frontier. If he isn't back in an hour, I'm going to go.”

Of course, that was the U.P.I. correspondent! Within about a half-hour Henry came back. I can't remember whether it was Henry McHenry—I think it was that way.

*Q: Either way, it's funny!*

HARVEY: It's funny both ways. Anyway, he wandered back; I think he had probably just disappeared behind a tree and had gotten lost and got frightened and rushed back as soon as he could see the lights of the hotel.

We finally spent two days in Biarritz on our way out to be exchanged, but we were still in German hands. When the people got to the frontier there was a wild rush for the telephones, and all the lions and lambs of journalism, which had lain down together in internment, were at it again.

That I remember as very funny.

*Q: While you were in your internment, did you get enough to eat?*

HARVEY: The situation in France had been terrible. We usually were able to eat in black market restaurants, but, for instance, you had to have a reservation two or three days in advance. I remember one of the worst meals I ever had was not very long before I was interned. I was very, very late one day leaving my office, to get anything to eat. And there was a very good seafood restaurant right on the same square, and I thought, “Well, I'll pop in there; they know me, and I might be able to get something.”

Well, unfortunately, all they had to offer me was a bottle of white wine, and mussels, which had been cooked without any sauce. When mussels are cooked in just salt water they are more like bits of rubber tires than anything you can imagine. There was no bread, there was nothing at all. Somehow or other I ate almost a dozen of these horrible things, but I've never wanted to look at a mussel since. We were not exactly used to—we had butter for the first time on the train going to Germany. This didn't last very long. When we got to Germany and finally got to the hotel, the food was not very good, but we learned pretty soon that it was better than the regular civilian population was getting in Germany because

everything was kept for the military. We never saw an egg, we never saw any fruit, and we had some fish that I think had been something like twelve years in storage.

Then we were told we were going to get prisoner-of-war parcels twice a month—up from Geneva. We had been there only a few days when we heard this, and most of us felt that was wrong. Here we were in a regular, proper internment—you know, diplomatic internment—we shouldn't eat up these parcels of food. Kippy Tuck said, “You will take those parcels. They'll be no arguing about it!”

We were very glad that we did, because they certainly helped. We got various and interesting things. Sometimes it was one thing and sometimes it was another in the parcels. We began getting, after a while, a special meat substitute called “Spam.” Well, we had that for a while in the parcels, but then we started giving it as presents to the German servants. After a while they wouldn't take it anymore.

One thing was very good for all of us non-smokers, of which there were at least some of us. We got cigarettes. You see, during the war, money—dollars—got you nowhere; nobody wanted the dollar bill. What could you do with that? But cigarettes were currency. Any package of cigarettes would buy a week's meat ration, or a whole loaf of bread, so we used those to augment our diet and we managed pretty well. Although we seemed to have the same pudding, in various shapes and manners, week after week and month after month. Sometimes it was like a gelatin and sometimes it was fluffy and sometimes it was liquid, but it was the same pudding!

One day somebody shouted to me,”Get into the river.” There was a little stream that went past the garden. “There are lemons.” Several of us rushed in with our shoes and stockings on, and I captured three lemons. A crate must have fallen off one of the army trucks going over a bridge upstream, and broken. Several of us were able to get a few lemons. I had three lemons during all the time I was there.

And the blackberries, which we were allowed to pick when we were on walks in the Black Forest! They were put into our milk cans, which we carried with us, hoping to have some. My chief, Marshall Vance, said it was a good idea to make it into jam, so I put my cane—I had some kind of a cane—across the bathtub, and hung a sack from it, as I remembered they did at home, and dripped jelly through it into some kind of container. It made it into quite good jam, because we did get some sugar in the parcels. But I was horrified when I took it up, because there were some black stains on the bathtub! I scrubbed and scrubbed, and they never seemed to come off; they got better, but not very. I wondered whether they thought I'd been killing somebody in that bathtub. Nobody said anything about it. But that was our food situation. We were nourished; we kept alive. People had been allowed to keep their dogs. Doug MacArthur had his dog with him, but he had to give up quite a lot of his ration for his dog. Anybody with dogs did and went a bit hungry.

Then one couple, the Tyler Thompsons, arrived with a cat and six kittens. They were allowed to take them into captivity, but when they arrived in Brenner's Park Hotel, Brenner's Park did not like cats, and the cats were taken away and they never saw them again. We do not know what the fate of the cats might have been.

*Q: Better not to ask.*

HARVEY: The dogs were repatriated with us; I think there were about five. There was a very nice article, written by one of the dogs, in the New York Times, about internment from the dog's point of view.

*Q: It's wonderful how people can keep their senses of humor.*

HARVEY: Well, some funny things did happen. We got along quite well until almost the last weeks before we were dis-interned. Then some real rows broke out.

*Q: You mean fighting among people?*

HARVEY: Yes, somebody threw somebody down the stairs. I can't remember who it was. It was curious: the fact that we were about to leave upset us emotionally more than anything else. It was extraordinary.

*Q: All of this time, I suppose, you got news and you knew what was going on in the outside world?*

HARVEY: We didn't know much. We were allowed to read the German newspapers and we could listen to the German radio. You can imagine what that was. Any radios had been taken away from us, but one was not found. One of the military—I can't remember just who it was—had kept it, and we did get a little bit from that. Then I would read the German newspapers published in the occupied territory. We began to notice that the news from the eastern front was always victory, you see, but what became quite interesting, the victories began to get nearer and nearer to the German frontier.

*Q: I see! Going backwards!*

HARVEY: So that was sort of fun. And then one thrilling thing happened one Sunday. I guess it must have been in October of '43. We had often seen the bombers go over, and we knew they were British bombers on their way. One Sunday morning we saw, very high, a whole flight of planes, of bombers. We knew immediately they were American. Don't ask anybody how knew, we just knew. Sure enough they were. Because when we were on the Gripsholm, some of the aviators who had fallen in that escapade were in our group and were being repatriated with us. They had been bombing the ball-bearing factory at Erfurt and were on their way back. They said the flak was terrible all the way, and they'd lost a great many planes. Of course we didn't see that, but they were indeed our own. We'd known just like that, that they were.

We did not get bombed. Right near us a church just about seven miles away got bombed by the British. We learned afterward we had been marked on the map; we were not

supposed to be bombed, but we didn't know that. At the beginning, every time there was an air raid we were forced to go down into the cellars. After a while, we decided it was ridiculous. We just weren't going to do it, so we didn't.

*Q: You just let it go by? But certainly you must have been under an awful strain?*

HARVEY: Well, we got used to it, you know.

*Q: You got used to it, but it was there?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, you got settled down and got used to it. It was like being in a strange kind of boarding school for a large part of the time. It's really peculiar.

*Q: Were you ever afraid that the Germans might turn on you and that you would end up in concentration camps?*

HARVEY: No, I don't think so. We had several people there who knew Germany and knew the Germans, and they said, “They won't do that. They're pretty legalistic-minded.” Which is true, you know. They said, “This will never happen. There may be trouble, but it won't be that.”

It was very strange, because we didn't know yet, of course, how awful the things were that were happening in those camps. In 1942, in August of '42, a woman from the Swiss Red Cross came to my office in Lyon. The Swiss Red Cross did get up into lower Germany, every once in a while, to some of the prisoner of war camps. This woman told me that in some of the camps—I don't think she'd seen it, but she said—”We have learned that in some of the camps they are actually taking some of those people and making soap out of them.” I just didn't believe it. None of us believed it.

Somebody said, “Oh, that's Communist propaganda.” We just couldn't believe. Of course, it was the literal truth. Sure. They gassed them and they used them to make soap with.

Soap was one of the greatest scarcities; there wasn't any soap in Germany—it had disappeared.

The only hairdresser left open in Germany was in Baden-Baden. I was allowed to take a group of women—about twelve women—once a week to the hairdresser.

*Q: Well, that's pretty good.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, that was a great sort of distinction of mine. I was allowed to take them, and it was quite a performance. It was Thursdays we went. On Mondays a list was posted by the Germans—our guardians—and people signed up to go. Then the Gestapo went over the list, and it was copied off, and filed away somewhere, and then it was put back, and then it was handed to me on Wednesday.

Then I was allowed, under guard, to telephone out and tell the numbers and names of the ladies who were coming, you see, on Thursday. Then at 2:00 on Thursday we got together under this sign, with the Gestapo ahead of us and behind us, and me leading the group. I took the ladies to the hairdressers.

*Q: In a crocodile?*

HARVEY: Well, together; it wasn't a very long crocodile. I also had the horrible task of getting the men's hair cut in the hotel, because they were not allowed to go out to the barbers. I had to get a barber to come in. All but the very top—I think about two of the top people did go out and get a decent haircut every once in a while—but for the others, as far as I could see, the barber put a bowl on the top and just shaved around the bowl. That was the kind of haircut my poor colleagues got, but they couldn't blame me too much. That was my only communal assistance.

*Q: I see. What did you use for money?*

HARVEY: We didn't have any money.

*Q: Then how did you pay the hairdresser?*

HARVEY: Let me think a minute. We did have a little money when we got there. That's a real question; I can't remember. I think that we had enough. Most of us had practically had none, but perhaps we did exchange and get some German money.

*Q: Perhaps you used cigarettes?*

HARVEY: I'm not sure that it wasn't on the government. I think it was. I think that was just part of the internment. This was the only hairdresser in the whole of the country that was open.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, absolutely; women's hairdressers had been closed during the whole war.

And of course, Baden-Baden was not just for us. It was also for great distinguished people like General Rommel and people like that. We actually saw him walking on the streets once. This was a place where people came for R & R when they had been up at the front, if they were high enough in the hierarchy.

*Q: Yes, of course.*

HARVEY: Then they could have things, and so forth.

*Q: Now, was Baden-Baden the only place where there were internees?*

HARVEY: Well, I think we were the only group that was interned there. I don't know about all of it.

*Q: When you were exchanged, were you exchanged for German diplomats that were interned in America?*

HARVEY: Yes. You see, they wanted, above all, the military commission from North Africa,—that's what they were holding us for—which had been captured at the time of our landings. I was terrified (because we had a few rather prominent people with us in our group) that they'd give up and perhaps make an exchange, but the War Department didn't let them go. These people, fortunately, spent the rest of the war comfortably in Texas.

Finally, the Germans said they would exchange us for the diplomats who were at the Greenbrier. The German diplomats spent their time at the Greenbrier. I guess there were some Vichy French at Hershey, Pennsylvania, but I don't think the French were part of the exchange. By that time there were very few.

There were masses of German businessmen who had been sort of raked up all over Latin America and brought to the United States. These countries turned them over to us because they thought they were not wise to let them stay around. They had been interned, and they were interned with the regular German diplomatic officers.

*Q: So it wasn't a one for one thing, it was a group for a group?*

HARVEY: I don't know how many; they got as many as they could.

*Q: Done through the Red Cross, was it?*

[tape interrupted]

*Q: How did you get to the Gripsholm?*

HARVEY: We were taken by train by the German Army, who was very tough with us because a number of people on that train had relatives who wanted to give them some

food or something, and were waiting for us at that big railway station just outside the south of Paris. I can't seem to remember its name now.

*Q: Part of Paris?*

HARVEY: Outside, south of Paris. It's just south of Paris. It's what they call a tourneplacque in France; that sort of place.

*Q: Oh, yes.*

HARVEY: That sort of place. They were there on the platform, and one woman with us who was French and was interned with the Quakers, her grandchildren were there with things for her. They were not allowed anywhere near the train. She was able to wave to them, but that was all; she couldn't even speak to them. We weren't allowed off the train, and none of these people could give us anything at all.

Then the Germans put us up in a very good hotel at Biarritz. Biarritz I knew already, because I'd been there years before with my mother. It was right on the sea. After we got our rooms we were waiting for the Gripsholm to arrive in Lisbon, and then, just before they entered the port of Lisbon, our train would go and enter Spain. And when each conveyance reached neutral territory then that was the exchange, you see. Not just when we met, but when the train entered Spain and when the ship entered the port of Lisbon.

In any case, we were three days in Biarritz. When we had been about twenty minutes in our rooms, somebody came and said, “We have to shut all the windows giving on the sea. No one is permitted to look out on the Atlantic Ocean.” Just what there was out there we wanted to see? Well, we guessed. That was part of the big wall, the big, enormous fortifications out there. I didn't see them; they weren't outside my window. But in any case, we never got any light into our rooms out that way at all. The dogs had to be walked, and that was the only way we got any air at all.

The people that owned the dogs could walk them outside, and then they rented them out. For a bottle of champagne you could walk a dog for twenty minutes, on the land side of the hotel, and get a little fresh air.

*Q: Twenty minutes for a bottle of champagne!*

HARVEY: For a bottle of champagne. How we got champagne I don't know—I don't know how we paid for it. I remember when we finally got on the train to get out of Biarritz, when the train finally got underway, it was three days. I was sitting next to an American soldier, who was being repatriated from a prisoner-of-war camp because of his disabilities. He was trembling. He said, “When we get to the frontier, you wait. They'll stop us. They'll never let us out.” He just didn't believe it.

I said, “Oh, yes, come on. I think they will.”

At this point somebody brought me a hard-boiled egg. Somebody said to me, days later, “Constance, we'll never forget the look on your face when you received that egg.” Because I hadn't seen an egg for I don't know how many months; I'd forgotten what they looked like.

I don't know whether I shared it with my companion, but we did go through, and he came through too. He was sure he was going to be taken off the train.

There were a couple of these people who had come from prisoner-of-war camps with us. A couple of these aviators, too, you see, who had been added to our group.

*Q: I see. How many were there on the Gripsholm?*

HARVEY: Well, there were a few more than our group. I don't know exactly because they had scooped them up from various directions, people who could be repatriated. We were 150 people ourselves you see. Then I don't suppose there were more than about 25, or

something like that. Maybe a little bit more, but not much more. I'm sort of remembering things I'd forgotten.

One of them had been captured by the Germans in one of those sea-going boats, that were going out in the Mediterranean. I don't know what they were going for now. I think he was on his way to Egypt, on some kind of mission of mercy or something. I can't quite remember what it was.

He was a neutral when he was captured, which of course was really illegal.

*Q: That's illegal!*

HARVEY: Oh sure. But on the whole, the judgement that the Germans would try to keep things legal was well followed. They did.

*Q: When you got on the Gripsholm—of course the atmosphere would be totally different—was the mood better? I mean, did you feel great euphoria?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, it was incredible, marvelous. I don't remember much about it. It was quite a long trip, as a matter-of-fact. We went with blazing lights at night.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Yes, submarines. Oh yes. They had these great arms with lights on the ship. These great arms came out from the ship and cast light on the ship itself, so it was clearly visible what it was.

*Q: Because it was a civilian. That's why I think it was Red Cross.*

HARVEY: I think it must have been run by the Red Cross. It couldn't really have been run by the governments.

*Q: No, I think it would have to be an independent agency, don't you?*

HARVEY: It should be. I often feel that we should let the Red Cross do more than we let them do; the international Red Cross. There are several things I could tell them to do in Latin America.

*Q: Yes, I'm sure you could. Well, how long did the trip take?*

HARVEY: It probably must have been fifteen days at least.

*Q: Is that so?*

HARVEY: It wasn't a very rapid trip. When we arrived in New York I didn't stay very long. I was there a couple of nights before I went to Washington. Some people stayed longer. Believe it or not, there was a cocktail party given for us by the “Spam” company.

*Q: Oh no!*

HARVEY: Yes. I was glad to be in Washington.

*Q: Oh no! I know what the hors d'oeuvres were.*

HARVEY: Yes, you can imagine. People laughed and laughed at that. There was an awful thing in the New York Times about these people who came with their Nazi hats.

What had happened was: I had a trunk with me that one of my friends had given me before she left. She left for the States before we did. She had been involved in quite a lot of doings, especially helping various people, first in Paris and then in Lyon. She'd given me a trunk-load of things that I was able to take with me into captivity. One of the things in it were her hats. In those days I thought, “You don't wear last year's hat. She isn't going to want those hats when she gets there,” so I gave them away before I left Germany, to

the maids, who had been very kind to us. After all, we had no money to tip them with, or anything, so they got some hats.

When I got back to New York, my friend said to me, “Where are my hats? You didn't give away my hats?”

I said, “Oh, yes I did. And I bought myself new hats in Lisbon.” They were perfectly awful. One of them was in sort of chenille, and it stood up like this. These are the hats which the New York Times described as Nazi hats. They weren't, they were Portuguese hats, but they were really awful. But they were the latest thing! I thought, “How could she think of wearing a hat which was two or three years old?”

*Q: You had other things on your mind than worrying about fashions.*

Were you greeted with a large welcoming party in New York?

HARVEY: I wasn't there for it, because I went to Washington.

*Q: I mean, when the ship came in—when it actually came in?*

HARVEY: No, nobody was allowed on the dock. A friend of mine, who had a job in a government office—as far as I know—was the only person that was allowed on the dock.

*Q: Now, why would that be?*

HARVEY: Security. People just weren't allowed.

*Q: People weren't allowed near the port?*

HARVEY: Nowhere at all.

*Q: I thought there would be a great welcoming.*

HARVEY: You know, there were sort of blackouts, too, along the coast. Not much. One of the things that was so exciting was to see the lights on, because, of course, Europe was black. As I remember telling you, Switzerland was blacker than almost any other place.

*Q: Did you find that the United States looked amazingly prosperous when you came back after having been in Europe all this length of time? Was there an appreciable difference?*

HARVEY: I thought it was until I was here a little while. I began to learn differently. I had some leave and went and visited some relatives, and stayed in Buffalo with my dear doctor and his wife. Then I got—by an absolutely marvelous piece of good fortune which I owe to my friend here in Lexington—her godmother told her about an apartment which was for rent on Massachusetts Avenue. It was somebody who always went to New England for the summer.

There was no way of getting any place to live in Washington; it was terrible. In fact, I soon found out that people looking for housing read the death columns and rushed as fast as they could, before other people got there, to see if they couldn't get that accommodation.

In any case, I had this rather nice small apartment just opposite what is now the Mosque. I moved in. I wanted to get as many of my friends from internment who were in Washington together for a little get-together. It was pretty hot. I couldn't do much cooking there, and I didn't know how to cook anyway, but I remembered you could always buy something like potato salad, so I thought, “I'll buy some ham and potato salad, and we'll have a bottle of something or other. Probably I'll be able to get that.” In any case, I would have to do my best.

I invited quite a group of people, and then I went to buy the potato salad. They looked at me as if I were out of my mind. They said, “Potato salad? Don't you know there's a war on?” I didn't know that potato salad had gone with the wind. And I spent the whole of the night—hours and hours—making potato salad. I somehow knew that you got

mayonnaise and mixed it with boiled potatoes and put it together, and I did get some ham or something. It was not a great feast.

That was my beginning. Then of course, you hadn't been able to buy any stockings in Europe for a long time. Nobody could buy either shoes or stockings.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: Oh, no. Fortunately, I had enough shoes. In France I had this wonderful dressmaker. I had no problem getting beautiful clothing, but I couldn't get any stockings. People just went without stockings. They had a new kind of shoe which was made out of wood and which was pretty uncomfortable—which I fortunately didn't have to wear. But in the end they got them so they had a joint in the toe of this wooden shoe, which did make it a little bit more wearable. This was for the stylish French women. But you see, none of this had been available. You couldn't get anything like this anywhere in Europe—any country at war. There was nothing to buy; you couldn't buy a thing.

And then I began to realize, so I got some stockings when I got there. They didn't have cotton stockings, they had the new kind.

*Q: Nylons? Had they come in yet?*

HARVEY: Nylons. I didn't know about nylons, but I put some on and I started walking down to the Department. I looked down and I thought, “My god! What has happened to your foot? You've got some kind of awful growth on top of this foot.”

I discovered afterwards that the heel had just moved around to the front. They didn't seem to have any shape at all. These things were awful. Then I realized that stockings were not the latest thing in the United States, either. People kept telling you, “Don't you know there's a war on?” I began to know.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: But lots of strange things happened. I was there for a number of months; almost six months.

*Q: In the Department? Now, this is something that I am interested in finding out: when you came back, were you then given all of your back pay and that sort of thing?*

HARVEY: Yes. It was just enough to pay my income tax for all of this time.

*Q: You don't mean it!*

HARVEY: I had just enough to pay the income tax, because the income tax hadn't been paid either.

*Q: Of course.*

HARVEY: Oh, I got a little something out of it. I was thrilled to get all this enormous amount of money, but very soon it disappeared to the income tax.

What was more—and this I thought was riotously funny. Do you realize that we were given, all the time we were interned, overtime pay? We were never given any of it at all for all the hours and hours we spent, even in the middle of the night, in Lyon. Or any place like that, we never heard of overtime pay. But all this time we were interned we drew overtime pay. What was in that lovely lump sum that I acquired, but which was very rapidly eaten up.

*Q: Taxes had gone up during the war, I suppose.*

HARVEY: I don't remember that; I knew that they ate it up. I can't remember much about it, except that there wasn't very much left over. Still I was thankful that I had it to pay the taxes.

*Q: Well, they didn't dock you for any strange things, did they? I know the ones who were interned in Mukden had eaten commissary supplies, and the first thing they were presented when they arrived at the exchange point was a bill for the commissary food they had eaten.*

HARVEY: No. You see, we didn't have any commissary. We got the prisoner of war parcels, which were done by the ladies in Philadelphia. You could tell right away. They must have talked a lot, because you never could be quite sure what was in those packages. You knew what should be in them, but sometimes they were not quite that way. Sometimes there was something twice, or something lacking. It was interesting.

*Q: It must have been. Did you get any recognition in the Department?*

HARVEY: We were put to work.

*Q: No ceremony welcoming you back?*

HARVEY: I can't remember any.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: I think I would remember. Everybody was very kind and friendly to us, but I can't remember a ceremony.

*Q: Nothing?*

HARVEY: We sort of straggled in, for one thing, and then, of course, we also had home leave after our immediate arrival. I showed up at the Department, but then we were all given home leave. It might have been almost two months. We went to our various homes. That was a good idea, too. I didn't get this apartment, you see, until later in the summer. I wasn't there during the middle of the summer.

*Q: In the Department you were put right to work, right away. What did they have you do?*

HARVEY: I was put in charge of all the prisoners—political prisoners—all over the world. Then two things happened. One was quite a dramatic and marvelous piece of luck, and it happened in the first few days that I took over this job.

As I remember, there were telegrams from Switzerland about somebody who claimed he was an American and who had been captured by the Germans in north Italy. This was just after Italy had left the war. Somebody who was in the Italian resistance, but who claimed to be an American citizen.

He was really wanted by the Germans; they wanted to shoot him. But the fact that he claimed American citizenship—this was part of the telegram—they wanted us to check and see. And to my amazement, I knew exactly who he was. He was somebody I'd known in Milan, and I had seen his mother and father just two days before, back in the States.

*Q: Oh, really?*

HARVEY: He had married an Italian girl. His name was Haus, I think. I'd seen Mr. and Mrs. Haus, Senior. They had left Washington and gone somewhat west. They didn't live far west, but west of Washington. I had just seen them and they didn't have any news of their son; they had no idea that he was doing anything like this.

I could, indeed, say that I knew exactly who he was, and I'd just seen his American parents. That saved him from being executed; there was no doubt about it. It was absolutely a miraculous thing.

And I'll tell you another part of this miracle. He's one of the last people I ever would have thought would be a hero. He was a rather plump, not very attractive looking man, interested in making money for himself and doing well in his family's business in Milan, and not very alluring in any way; and he had been risking his life for several months in

the Italian resistance. Which was not large. You never can tell who's going to be the hero. They come from the strangest places.

*Q: That's true.*

HARVEY: A little later on we had something quite different happen. I had some very nice secretaries. We had the names of all these people, for instance out in the Far East, who had been captured. If we had any news, which practically never came—sometimes there was something from the Red Cross, but mostly not—we'd try to send it to their relatives. We'd keep in touch with them. We'd send as comforting messages as we could.

In any case, we kept tabs on them. I told these girls to keep good records on the people that we had there. We had some information come in that a baby had been born to a certain couple. I think their name was Smith. Their son, I was told, would be the grandchild of Mr. So-and-So Smith, living someplace in the mid-west. So I sent a message immediately, as kind as I could, that I'd heard some news from his son and family, and that they had had a baby in internment. We thought he'd like to know.

I got back a letter a few days later from this man that said he was surprised. He didn't know his son was even married. He was very much surprised indeed. Where could he have found a bride? So I thought we'd better look at this a little bit. We looked it over, and the girls said, “We thought these two were probably . . . they were just about the right age to be the parents of this child, so we put them together as a family.” They had just linked them together by intuition, which hadn't been true. So I had to write and say, “Sorry, it wasn't your grandchild.”

But we didn't know whose child it was. We never did find out exactly whose it was. I thought it was really funny but I said, “Oh, young ladies, you mustn't be too imaginative.”

*Q: Isn't that funny! Now is this the time when you came upon the initials and you didn't know what the initials meant?*

HARVEY: Oh that was the very first day.

*Q: “P.O.W.”*

HARVEY: Yes, and my neighbor said, “Heavens, you of all people ought to know what 'POWS' are.”

*Q: POWs.*

HARVEY: Yes. Well, I've always had the habit of pronouncing these things, instead of using the initials and of course, that confuses you.

*Q: Since we have you safely back to the United States and your career is about to take a great leap forward, I would like, if you don't mind, to go back and pick up some small questions that we didn't get to before, at the beginning of your career.*

The first one has to do with the oral examination, when you were coming into the Service. You told us about that, and how you went through it very successfully. Did they ever ask you any questions about leaving the Service to be married shortly?

HARVEY: Never mentioned that to me.

*Q: They never mentioned that to you. And they never made any remarks that could be considered sexist?*

HARVEY: No, no. Not at all. It was all straightforward.

*Q: Very good. The next question is, when you were to go overseas for the first time, was there any resistance within the Department to sending you overseas?*

HARVEY: I can't remember any, or at least I didn't know about it.

*Q: By that time they didn't want to send women out in the field.*

HARVEY: I don't remember. Especially I don't remember any discussions about me. I remember they said, “Oh, we can't ever send a woman to a seaport. She wouldn't know what to do with a drunken sailor.” Things like that. But I don't think it was ever actually said to me. I don't remember anything like that at all.

*Q: Good. What about when you were overseas, and you were at your post? Did you ever feel any discrimination by the people of the country?*

HARVEY: Only about once. I remember I thought it was very amusing. I think it was in Milan, but I don't think I could really dredge it up; it was just somebody who came in the office. I'm also sort of confusing it with another woman who came into the office one day. That was hilarious, in many respects.

She rushed in and was brought into my office. She said, “It's all your fault.”

I said, “What's that?”

She said, “I was not cut up into pieces and sent in a trunk to La Spezia. And it's gotten all in the newspapers, and it's all your fault that it has. And everybody in America is worried about me.”

Well then she kept arguing about this. Something had occurred and there had been something in the local—home—newspapers, but not the way it sounded. Finally, I remember I said, “Well, you'll just have to talk to the Consul.”

And she said, “That's right.” I brought him in. She said, “I've never met a consul before.” He got her calmed down, but the poor thing must have been really off her rocker. Something had really occurred and something had been reported, but it was all the fault of whoever was in charge of the consular service that this awful story got back to the

United States. Well, it didn't last very long. I haven't thought of that in years. I can't think of anything else. I can't remember running across it very much.

*Q: You didn't have any pattern of that? They didn't impede your work?*

HARVEY: You mean people from outside the office?

*Q: Yes, the Italians.*

HARVEY: No, I don't think so.

*Q: The Italian men, I mean, in the government. They never held you up?*

HARVEY: No, no. I can't remember any problems particularly. I had a lot of cooperation from the various Italian gentlemen with whom I dealt. They were always very helpful.

*Q: What about the American people that, perhaps, you were helping? Did they ever say, "I want to see a man. I don't want to deal with a woman.?"*

HARVEY: I can't remember that they did. It doesn't seem to me that I ever was overwhelmed with a great many Americans. Oh, of course, I saw Americans coming and going. No, I can't recollect any, and in any case, it didn't make that much of an impression on me if it did. It was not something that I would remember, either as a joke or with resentment. I don't remember anything much.

*Q: So there wasn't really any of that in your life?*

HARVEY: Not so I really could complain about it.

*Q: Here's another aspect of the same sort of thing, not relating to your work. Did you ever have any restrictions put on your traveling, or renting an apartment, or purchasing something, or doing banking business, because you were a woman in a foreign country?*

HARVEY: You mean by foreigners?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: No.

*Q: You did not?*

HARVEY: Well, perhaps you may even have a question that would be nearer what I was going to say. No, I can't remember.

*Q: It's curious, isn't it? Because Italy was—certainly in those days—known as a very male chauvinist country.*

HARVEY: I don't know. I guess they just thought it was an American. Strange, but they could put up with it. I don't remember anything very special.

*Q: Were you often taken for the secretary?*

HARVEY: No. When they would bump into me they were told.

*Q: I see. So that's the way it was set up. What about your social life?*

HARVEY: It was very different in different places; for the places, and also for my own situation. I always had a part of it. I had more in some places than others, for various reasons.

*Q: But there was no place you couldn't go because you were a woman, or you couldn't travel?*

HARVEY: I'll tell you one of the first things I forgot earlier. This is not really discrimination, but it's just the way the cookie crumbled, so to speak.

At my first post there were only two embassies. One was the Japanese embassy, and the Japanese ambassador gave an enormous New Year's Eve party, to which I received an invitation. Well, I didn't get anybody who offered to go with me. That was very strange. I decided I would go alone. It was early on, and I thought, “Now is the time, you might just as well.” I had a very beautiful dress, and I went with my own car and I had a very pleasant evening. I decided I would go to things on my own if necessary, and that would be that. If I liked to go, I'd go!

*Q: So it set a good pattern, didn't it?*

HARVEY: Well, for myself. I'm glad I did that early enough. Of course, I was often asked to dinner parties and this, that, and the other. I practically always went to these things on my own. The men would go on their own and I would go on my own. I just got used to it, and it didn't bother me after a while.

*Q: No. Did you have any other mentors, besides Mr. Legge?*

HARVEY: General Legge, not mister.

*Q: I'm sorry. Of course it's General Legge.*

HARVEY: Not anything like that; I can't think. Some very kind people here and there. Some of them liked me a little bit too much.

*Q: Now that's another thing; did you find that that cropped up often?*

HARVEY: Not so often, no.

*Q: But it can be quite embarrassing?*

HARVEY: It didn't worry me very much.

*Q: It didn't?*

HARVEY: No, not really.

*Q: You have to keep them at arm's length, don't you?*

HARVEY: They weren't obstreperous. Only you could tell the difference a bit—when somebody's a little smitten, they can't completely hide it. It was not anything that was unpleasant. Oh, there was one—someone I think, from the Department of Commerce, who came to Zurich. I remember him saying to me, “Well, after all, sleep with one of these gentlemen and get yourself raised in rank quickly.” I just sort of laughed at him.

*Q: Sure, it's the only way to handle it. By being very businesslike you can turn off any unwanted attentions.*

HARVEY: I didn't pay much attention to it. I never made very much of these things. I thought the less you make of them the better.

*Q: Good point.*

HARVEY: I never had any serious problems from any colleagues. I had one chief who really did have a crush on me, but he got over it. His wife was awfully cute. She said, “He's terribly susceptible.”

*Q: That's bad though—she was aware of it?*

HARVEY: Oh, she had probably been aware of it before. She was a bright young woman, and very attractive herself.

*Q: But it certainly can be a problem.*

HARVEY: It could be if somebody were stubborn about it or something like that. But I never believed in making too much of a thing like that. The more you make of it the worse it gets. I never pulled myself back and said anything like, “Hands off.” It never got to something that was very unpleasant. There were people who were great gentlemen in our service. Many of them were very, very fine people.

*Q: Indeed, yes. What about loneliness? Did you suffer much from loneliness?*

HARVEY: I have not been a lonely person, really. You see—all the years I've lived alone, well, I haven't lived alone, actually, in a sense because after my mother died, I had servants. I had at least two people in the same house with me; I wasn't physically alone. But I don't mind being alone.

*Q: No, you're a woman with inner resources.*

HARVEY: I was also an only child, and I lived a life without being surrounded by a whole lot of young people all the time. It just didn't seem to matter one way or the other.

*Q: And you love books.*

HARVEY: Yes, but I find now I have no time to read at all. Yes, I love them; I am a reader by nature. I love to read.

*Q: So you're not frightened to find yourself alone on a Sunday afternoon with nothing to do.*

HARVEY: Heavens, no!

*Q: Probably you were very relieved to find yourself alone on a Sunday afternoon once in a while.*

HARVEY: There were times I wanted to see people, and I usually did something about it.

*Q: It never was a problem?*

HARVEY: Not really, no. Everybody, from time to time, feels that way. Then my life hasn't been all that smooth, but after all, you expect life to go up and down; you don't expect it to be just even.

*Q: Did you ever find that it was difficult—and this would be true of a man as well as a woman— being overseas with nobody to talk to about your job or the way it was going, or the way your life was going? Was that ever a problem?*

HARVEY: I think I felt it sometimes, but I certainly didn't feel alarmed about it to any great extent. There were times when I wasn't sure what way I should handle things. They were sometimes personal and sometimes official. Sometimes I had no one to talk it over with. But that's the way it is.

*Q: Yes. As far as your friendships went—were they sort of half and half, between the people of the country and your colleagues? Or did that depend on where you were?*

HARVEY: That depends a lot on where you were and the circumstances. In some places I made more local friends than the other way around. I suppose both sides.

*Q: Were your colleagues mainly among the officers, or did you also have friends among the clerical staff?*

HARVEY: That I didn't have much, and in a way I'm sorry. This is one of the things I repent: that I did not look after the young women who were living abroad. They were the ones who felt lonely. And I didn't do very much. I was very class-conscious.

*Q: Were you?*

HARVEY: I'm ashamed to say I really was. It always struck me as amusing that the secretaries didn't have to put their birthdays down in the book, and, of course, I did. My

colleagues would call me up across Europe and say, “Hello, Constance, happy birthday.” I think in the beginning I felt a little pompous, being an officer. Now I think it's kind of ridiculous.

*Q: I can see why you would, though. You had worked hard; you had passed the tests.*

HARVEY: So this is something that I did not do as much as I could have done. There were a couple of people whom I really could have helped more. But on the other hand, a good many of them knew how to manage. Some of them didn't; they could have had more help. I don't think I was very motherly to them.

*Q: You weren't sent over to mother them.*

HARVEY: Well, sometimes it's a good quality.

*Q: Have you always had a lot of energy?*

HARVEY: I think I've had a fair amount. I'm an awful procrastinator.

*Q: Oh, really?*

HARVEY: Yes. I really am no good, except on a deadline. Sometimes I just get those deadlines set up because I know that's the way I will really get something done, in the middle of the night if necessary. There have always been plenty of deadlines.

I remember something somebody wrote about when he was retired, “Now I'll never have to meet another deadline.”

Well, I found that that was not true; in fact it's almost worse when you're retired than when you weren't. It's one deadline after another.

*Q: Are you a morning person? Do you like to get up early in the morning?*

HARVEY: I do; I usually get up at 6 o'clock and have my breakfast right away. I haven't in the last weeks so much. Since I've been sort of laid up I've taken it easier. I also often go to bed very early. That has been, more or less, the way I was. I was able to hurry. I remember once when I was in Ottawa, I figured out that I could get home and get myself bathed and in an evening dress, and get my hair combed out and be ready to go out in 18 minutes. I certainly couldn't do that now; I don't think that lasted long, to tell the truth.

*Q: You've enjoyed good health over the years?*

HARVEY: Yes, I've been very blessed with it. No, wait, there was a time when I wasn't, and that was probably, in a way, connected with my mother's illness. I had a dreadful digestive problem for years and years. I couldn't drink a cup of coffee without being absolutely curled up with cramps.

I went up into Switzerland to somebody, a doctor. I happened to be in the area. He said, “Now look here, you've got to eat more even if it gives you cramps. There's one thing you must remember.”. . .and I've always remembered this. He said, “It seems to be a law of nature that every organism is constantly striving to become normal again. It's always on your side. Sometimes it won't make it, but it's always going in that direction.”

I must say that sort of stuck with me, and it sort of cheered me up. I just went on and did the best I could, and I suddenly realized after a while I wasn't that way anymore. It wasn't just then; I'd always had these problems, somewhat. But I must say they seem to have disappeared a long time ago. That's when I got on my diabetic diet.

*Q: But that's a fairly recent development?*

HARVEY: Over 20 years now.

*Q: Is it over 20 years?*

HARVEY: Yes, indeed. Well, yes before they actually diagnosed it as diabetic for sure. I had a slipped disc from shoveling a little snow when I was in my house in Washington. That was appalling; I've never known what pain was like before—or since—except that. It was sciatica. Absolutely awful. So much so that I telephoned my neighbor once and said, “I think you better come. I think I'm going to black out.”

I got right to the best neurosurgeon in Washington, and he kept me out of traction and everything by the skin of my teeth. Then he heard that the were not quite sure but that perhaps I had diabetes. He said, “We're going to wait a little while; we're not going to do anything drastic yet.” I was given various pain killers—strong ones—but it didn't do very much good. Finally they said it was diabetes, and when they got that straightened out it would help it. I was so glad to settle for diabetes. I thought that was grand.

Did I not tell you I acquired another dog at that same time?

*Q: No.*

HARVEY: Yes, and it was the grandmother of my other poodles. It was a Foreign Service dog, and she was 14 years old, and they were going somewhere where there was a terribly long quarantine, so I said, “I'll take Mama.” The vet said she had to lose six or seven pounds, this little dog. So the poor thing and I had practically nothing to eat. One dog biscuit in the morning, and skim milk: “That's all you get.” We got over everything very well. I remember this little dog. We just had to go through it together.

*Q: You had a companion.*

HARVEY: I've always had nice servants, too, which also makes a pleasant household. It really does. I've practically never had a problem with them. I have had one; I had one cook who got drunk and fell in the soup! I didn't keep her very long.

Of course, that today is lacking in almost every place. You see this is one of the things that I didn't have to worry about—about having a house with no one in the house to go back to. There was somebody there.

*Q: That's right—that's a good point.*

HARVEY: They were not my friends. I never let my housekeeper eat at the table with me except on Christmas Day and when I invited her, because I said, “I want my peace and I want my own privacy.” But we were very good friends, nevertheless. I was very blessed with that woman. I got her in Germany and I had her 13 years.

*Q: Oh, you took her around with you?*

HARVEY: I brought her to the United States with me, with a regular immigration visa. She could have stayed, but she said, no, she wanted to go back with me. So she went back to Europe with me. When I got to Strasbourg I don't know what I would have done to get a cook. All the Alsatian cooks were in Paris. There wasn't anybody anywhere around there. It was getting worse and worse all the time.

*Q: Now it's impossible.*

HARVEY: Yes. So all of these modern problems were not mine. I had other discriminations. I knew I was discriminated against, but I didn't expect to have anything else. I knew that this was going to be true.

*Q: Did you?*

HARVEY: Oh sure.

*Q: You knew what a male bastion the Foreign Service was?*

HARVEY: I knew even before I took the exams, I think. I knew it was not going to be that simple. Do you know what I honestly felt? I thought of this and it suddenly came back to me: I very much doubt that if I'd been a man I would have gone into the Foreign Service.

*Q: Really? Why is that?*

HARVEY: Because it wouldn't have been intriguing to me. It was intriguing to me. That was really the truth. I thought of that more than once. What I should love to have done—if I had been a man, but I never particularly wanted to be one—I'd have wanted to be an international, private lawyer. It's very lucrative and very interesting. I knew if I tried for this as a woman, I'd be writing a brief for a man the rest of my life. I never would have gotten anywhere at all.

*Q: But the Foreign Service intrigued you?*

HARVEY: Going to foreign countries—that was the basic reason, of course. But it intrigued me to go into it as a woman and see what would happen.

*Q: I see. Well, we know what happened, don't we?*

HARVEY: It was this and that.

*Q: You really had a fine career.*

HARVEY: I did get to be class 1.

*Q: Did you ever feel that you sacrificed the possibility of being married to have this career?*

HARVEY: No. I suppose that if I'd really found the answer I'd have given it up for marriage. There was one point where I might have, but that didn't turn out that way. It was just as well. It was very much better for me.

*Q: But you would have actually given it up without any . . .*

HARVEY: I don't know. It would have been sheer folly really, if I had. But I couldn't have known all that at the time. It was a much older person who wanted to marry me. He asked me to marry him very shortly after my mother's death. He was a very wonderful person; he was a marvelous person. Then he decided that it was not right—that he was too old for me—and I was kind of cut up about that, but I recovered. I felt that he was right, and I have to thank him for it. He was much, much older than I.

*Q: I don't know if this is a possible thing for you to answer—but can you tell me what you think the best part of being a woman Foreign Service Officer was? And then give me the worst part of being a woman Foreign Service Officer?*

HARVEY: I have to think about that. Nothing comes to my mind. Of course, then it was intriguing to me because I was living in a man's world. It was a challenge, and I liked that.

And I suppose the worst part was, of course, discrimination. You know, the opposite end of the thing. But of course they went together.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: I don't know whether it would have made any difference if I'd been a man or not; it might not have. When I was at Milan one time, the embassy in Rome telephoned up and said they wanted me to go and take charge in Malta, that the officer was going to be away for a few months and they wanted me to go down there. And my chief wouldn't let me go!

*Q: Why?*

HARVEY: Well, he said he couldn't spare me, but I'm not sure that was the only reason. In any case, I don't think he approved of it, to go to Malta to take charge. I was sorry not to

do that. That in a sense was discrimination, I think. Not that he was entirely aware of it; I'm not sure he was.

*Q: He just didn't approve? It wasn't because he thought it wouldn't be good for you, or anything like that?*

HARVEY: I don't know. I don't really know.

*Q: Well these things are never clear-cut, are they?*

HARVEY: No, they're not. Often they're for different reasons. Of course, it wasn't a permanent assignment, but that would have been interesting, and that was fairly early in my career.

*Q: Yes, of course, in Milan. But I wonder—if it had been a young man, he probably would have let him go?*

HARVEY: Maybe, I can't absolutely be sure. He might have. I think you're right; I think he probably would have. I think he probably thought, “Oh, my goodness, that's not . . .”

*Q: Let's go back and follow along with your career. After you had left the Department, and the “POWs”, you went to Zurich?*

HARVEY: Yes. It took me quite a while to get there.

*Q: It took you a while to get there, but I notice that you were promoted in June of 1942.*

HARVEY: 1942?

*Q: That's what your record said.*

HARVEY: Let me think. Yes, I went to class 7. That was when I was still in Lyon.

*Q: Yes, and then in '45, which would be right after the war, you were promoted to class 6, according to the record.*

HARVEY: Yes, and I think then I became consul.

*Q: And then you became consul, yes. You were sent as vice-consul to Zurich?*

HARVEY: Yes, and I protested against that. I think I told you that. And the head of personnel said, “Oh, that's good enough, Vice Consul. You go ahead and do it.” Then I became Consul. That was awfully late in my career, though, really, compared with anybody else.

*Q: Precisely!*

HARVEY: I got to know fairly soon when I was in Zurich, it must have been the last year, a woman labor attach# in Bern whose name was Dorothy Sells. She had come from the Department of Labor. I remember she told me after we got to know each other and every once in a while enjoyed talking things over, that “My staff always say that on Monday mornings I'm so full of ideas. Over the weekend I do a lot of thinking about my job and what could and ought to be done, and then I'm just bursting with ideas on Monday morning.” I remember that stuck with me.

I thought, “Oh dear, I've never thought like that. That is quite impressive. “Perhaps you ought to put your mind on it a little more.” I think it was sort of the beginning. It wasn't that I wasn't somewhat ambitious. Later on one of my rather immediate bosses put in my report that I was very ambitious, and in a sense, perhaps, I was, because I thought I ought to be getting someplace. But I don't think I had been much before then. I think I began to have a sense of professional responsibility in a way. I don't mean I didn't try to do a good job, but it wasn't a great goal for me, so to speak.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: That made things a little different.

*Q: And from then on you began to move up very quickly, because you were an O-6 in 1945, and then in 1946 you became an O-4.*

HARVEY: In '46?

*Q: 1946.*

HARVEY: Then I was still in Zurich.

*Q: Yes, you got two promotions there. And you certainly should have had by that time.*

HARVEY: Yes, my chief when I went there was Sam Woods, the Consul General. Sam Woods was a rather notorious character, not in exactly a bad sense, but he was certainly an extraordinary guy. He had not wanted a woman to come, and General Legge told me afterward, “I told Sam that he didn't know what a good thing he was getting.” So Sam gave up about that. And he was very good about things. He was very appreciative. He got me these promotions; I know he did.

*Q: So would you then say that he was a mentor?*

HARVEY: No.

*Q: He was not a mentor?*

HARVEY: No. I have many reservations about Sam. I'm fond of him, and he did some things that were very brave and courageous. Quite against his own good career he ran any number of American aviators who were downed, and had got into Switzerland, out of Switzerland. You see, they're supposed to stay there and be neutral. He got them, somehow, to the French border, and got them on their way back. He was one of the first people to get the Medal of Freedom. He was there when it was pinned on me. But I did

have reservations about him, on quite different things. Not that he was unpleasant to me in any way, but there were some things—some of them were funny. I don't want to go into them. He wanted, very much, for me to come to him later on when I was in Greece. He wanted me to come be on his staff, and I said, “No.” He's been dead for a long time.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: He had a fantastic personal life himself, really fantastic, but that's not here nor there.

*Q: How large a place was Zurich?*

HARVEY: You mean the office?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: It was a medium-sized office; it wasn't enormous. I don't know exactly how many people. We had someone who did the accounts; we had a special accountant. I was trying to think of the kind of work I did there; it's hard to remember. I was shifted from one thing to another. I did economic work there, but the details I can't seem to remember much.

*Q: Well, I'm sure it had to do with watches, didn't it, if you were in Switzerland?*

HARVEY: Not that much, really. I was a member of the Swiss-American Society.

*Q: Oh, yes?*

HARVEY: Which was practically the Chamber of Commerce. And I was there officially—in my official capacity.

*Q: Did you enjoy economic work?*

HARVEY: No. It's not what I really wanted to do.

*Q: What did you really want to do?*

HARVEY: Political work, but there were difficulties about it. I don't mean I didn't enjoy some of the economic work, and I learned some, but I hadn't really been trained as an economist. Quite a bit later I asked if I couldn't be sent to take a course, and they turned me down.

*Q: Oh, they did?*

HARVEY: Well it was a little late in my career. If they had done it earlier it would have been more useful.

*Q: Yes. Right after the war they were sending—no, it was eight or ten years after the war they began sending people to school a lot.*

HARVEY: Yes, it was a bit late for me. I think I realized that, too. It was a little late in the day. I think I would have enjoyed it more. I'd had courses in economics, but not a tremendous amount. It just was not my particular cup of tea.

*Q: It's not everybody's, certainly. You did enjoy consular work when you did it, though, didn't you? Dealing with people? I mean, the American hardship cases?*

HARVEY: I think I just did them because that had to be done. Again, that was not what I really wanted to do.

*Q: How about visas? Did you enjoy that? Or was that a drudge?*

HARVEY: I didn't think of it as drudgery, It was just part of the day's job, you see: passports, and all that sort of thing, and helping people. I enjoyed, in a sense, all of my work, but it was not my top wishes.

*Q: No. You would have like to do political reporting, and especially where you knew the society of France so well, you certainly could have.*

HARVEY: Well, of course at that time things were very strange. I should have liked very much to go back after I had been brought back on the Gripsholm. I should have liked very much to go to the embassy at Paris. The man who was the French Ambassador at Washington, Henri Hoppenot—he certainly would have liked it. He made a little effort to help me get there, but I didn't. I went to Zurich instead. It's all right, but I was sorry. I would have liked to have done that and I think there are things I could have done for them.

*Q: Especially with your linguistic ability.*

HARVEY: I'd always been very close to Embassy Paris; they've always treated me marvelously in the different situations I've had there. Of course, I can't say Paris helped me very much in Lyon, because you couldn't have much connection with them, when I was in Strasbourg they were wonderfully receptive and asked me a lot of questions. I could send them information they wanted. They always were very thoughtful. In general, I was very surprised how receptive they were.

*Q: You were in Zurich about three years, and mostly you were doing economic work?*

HARVEY: Well, I was doing various things, but mostly it was economic work. Funny, all the details of it sort of slip away. There was an awful lot of outside activity which was somewhat connected with the office in one sort or another. You know, we had a group of American G.I.'s who came in for two weeks of recreation, right from the front. We were scared to death of the way they would behave. Did I tell you this?

*Q: You did tell me about them, and how they behaved so beautifully.*

HARVEY: They were quite a surprise to us. I was very fond of the Swiss. A lot of people don't like the Swiss, but it's because they don't know them. I had a number of very close Swiss friends.

*Q: Do you find a difference in the people—in the different departments—of Switzerland?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, they're quite different, and yet they're very Swiss. The Italian Swiss are just as Swiss as you can imagine.

*Q: Is that so?*

HARVEY: In spite of being Italian. They really are. I don't really know a lot of Italian Swiss. I never did. I never lived down there, but I've been down there a good many times. I know French Switzerland quite well. I had good friends there. Only once in my life I stayed in a hotel in Geneva. I've always been with people I knew. They're all dead and gone now, long ago. My good friend has been dead for years, and one of my very good friends was married to a Swiss. I knew her and her husband very well indeed. That was in Zurich.

*Q: Mostly you had apartments? You lived in apartments in Switzerland?*

HARVEY: Yes. Everywhere.

*Q: Everywhere?*

HARVEY: Not absolutely everywhere. Well, I did, in a sense, have an apartment in Zurich, but it was a ground floor apartment with a garden, which was nice. That was out in a village. I had a tiny apartment for a few months inside the city. Then I moved out to this village, which celebrated its 1000th birthday while I was there. It was called Z#rlikon.

*Q: I'll bet that they had a real blowout for that.*

HARVEY: They certainly did. It was very nice.

*Q: Was it anything like the Faschings that you went to?*

HARVEY: No, no. That was different. And of course, the one in Zurich is quite different from the one in Basel.

*Q: Is that so?*

HARVEY: Oh yes, there the guilds prevail, guilds from the middle-ages, and they run the whole business of fastnacht.

*Q: 1000 years old, imagine!*

HARVEY: That was just the village. There's a lake where they're undoubtedly much older—older civilizations than that. All around those lakes I'm sure they are.

*Q: Where were you when the end of the war came?*

HARVEY: In Zurich.

*Q: Can you remember it?*

HARVEY: I remember the end of the war in Europe. The one in Japan didn't touch us. I'll never forget that. My goodness, that was a night! It really was.

*Q: Dancing in the streets?*

HARVEY: Well, no. I was in friends' houses, but we really had an evening of it. It was terrific. We could hardly believe it. And of course, these Swiss—they knew they had been in danger all that time. There was no doubt about it.

*Q: Do they ever lose their restraint when they celebrate—the Swiss? The way the Germans do?*

HARVEY: Well, I was describing Basel to you.

*Q: That's true, you were.*

HARVEY: I wouldn't say that the Zurichers do it quite so much, no. It isn't as good a show as Basel puts on. That's a wild three days and nights, I can assure you. And what goes on at that time—better not ask. (laughter)

*Q: All right, I won't. (laughter)*

HARVEY: I don't know; I'm speaking in general terms. Of course, the Genevois are a rather sober lot.

*Q: Are they?*

HARVEY: They are, yes. But they're very fine people.

*Q: I'm sure they are.*

HARVEY: Of course I knew Americans, too. But there weren't enormous American colonies in any of those cities that I was in, really. Certainly not Ottawa. Milan probably has a big colony now. It did not have a very huge colony when I was there. There were some firms that had been there for a number of years, and we knew them of course, but it wasn't a large sized colony.

Of course, tourists are always getting into trouble of one kind or another, but there wasn't an enormous amount of that. Mrs. Grady got all of the other wives working themselves to death for all of her exploits but she carefully avoided asking me to do it, and I think she told me once that she knew that I had my own work to do and that she understood that.

*Q: That was nice of her.*

HARVEY: Yes, that was also good.

*Q: We had categories, didn't we? Of people? People were stuck in categories. There were wives, there were secretaries, there were officers.*

HARVEY: Yes, that's right. It was indeed. Very much so. But as I've often said, the Department for years and years got two professionals for the price of one quite regularly.

*Q: Most of your work was economic there?*

HARVEY: Yes.

*Q: Did you do any consular work there?*

HARVEY: No.

*Q: You mentioned that there was such a scarcity of food. Did you have commissaries there then?*

HARVEY: Yes. We got our frozen milk at the commissary. We managed. We got quite a lot of things at the commissary in the line of food. We really did.

*Q: Now there was an outfit in New York that would ship out food to you.*

HARVEY: I never heard of that.

*Q: You never did?*

HARVEY: I never heard of it. We managed, and, of course, my little cook knew how to shop. I lived out in Kifisia, a beautiful little town up in the mountains, on the road to the King's summer palace, with my Marika and her little daughter and my enormous Irish Setter and a large kitten. And then another kitten.

*Q: Oh, my goodness!*

HARVEY: Then somebody else's dog, and so forth and so on, and five hens, and a rooster! Several of these creatures had been bestowed on me by departing people. But I was glad to have them, and if I had stayed a little longer I was going to get myself a very small donkey. But I didn't do that.

Oh, I was so sad when they said I finally had to leave Greece. I couldn't bear it. Everybody I knew felt the same way.

*Q: Yes, couldn't bear to go.*

HARVEY: It was fascinating—just fascinating—the trips to the archeological sites and the islands are all . . . I've been three times to Patmos. I've been back to Greece at least twice for good long visits.

*Q: Now, how did you get Bonn next? Is that something you asked for?*

HARVEY: I think I must tell you one more thing about Greece.

*Q: Please.*

HARVEY: It's something that came to me when I mentioned Patmos. I went there first, on a Greek Orthodox pilgrimage. It was very strange indeed. There were two Americans on the ship, and it was overnight on the ship. Everybody slept on the deck except the two Americans. We were met and were taken up to the monastery and received by the Archimandrite. We were shown a beautiful library, except it was in a terrible state.

It was actually shocking, the way the bindings were falling off, and they needed a terrible lot of repair. It was just heartbreaking; it was obviously a very important collection of

ancient documents and books. There was a sign up, “If you can spare a little money for the library, we would be grateful.”

Well, the drachma being as bad as it was, I think I gave them $100 or something, and it was enormous in their eyes. It was terrific. And every time that the Archimandrite came to Athens, he'd come to call on me. My Latin had been pretty poor, and I don't know whether he had any. My Greek was not that good, but we had to do the best we could. I remember him shaking this great big, ecclesiastical finger at me, like this, and saying, (phrase in Greek), “You must learn to live a simpler life.” A very good message! Which I wish I had observed longer. That was really quite an impressive thing, and it was also amusing in some ways. I'll never forget, when the group left the island, the Captain of the ship was frantic because we were all late coming back down the hill. It was an overnight trip back to Athens. I got back on the ship and several other people did, but there were a whole lot of people still up there, and the Greek priest who led it—with an all-white beard and one thing or another.

Somebody came up and said, “They're still praying in the marketplace.”

The Greek Captain thought, “Oh dear, we'll never get off.” But finally, out they came—in a little boat. The great priest was standing up, with a huge crucifix in front of him—like this—with his black robes floating behind him. We took off as soon as he and his group got aboard. It was really quite a picture.

*Q: It must have been!*

HARVEY: It really was. Greece was always, in those days and I think still, full of so many surprises. But now they have gotten so anti-American.

*Q: It's a shame.*

HARVEY: But our country has been very clever in sending back several people who know a lot about Greece. We've had a couple of very good ambassadors since. Thank goodness! Well, we hope that things will take a turn.

*Q: Indeed we do.*

HARVEY: As you say, that is a chapter closed.

*Q: It's a wonderful chapter, I must say. But you finally got to do what you wanted to do, didn't you? Political officer, in Bonn?*

HARVEY: Yes, later in Bonn. Alas, not in Greece. A woman came quite a bit later than I. That was where they said, quite clearly, “You can't do political work in Greece. That's out of the question, Constance. You just have to have a man do that.” I rather doubted it, myself. I mean, it was going to be a little bit uphill, but I thought I really could have done something. But later they did send out a woman for the political section. Then they must have overcome the people who were still around—the Greeks. They sent out a woman as head of the political section. That is a few years ago, but not that long ago. That took a long time, to get through the Americans' ideas, as well as anybody else's. But the Greeks were always very helpful to me. I went on various things: to open raisin factories, and things like that. Very, very strange, some of it.

*Q: No reason why you couldn't have done it.*

HARVEY: It would have to be a beginning—it wouldn't have been easy in the beginning. They probably wouldn't have been very receptive. I don't think they would. Because it's, again—even more than Italy, I think in a way . . . Except there was this question of give and take, too. But I was sorry, and I thought I could have. I did know a couple of the cabinet ministers.

*Q: When you went to Bonn, did you do political reporting?*

HARVEY: I was in the political section there right away. I was put into the political.

*Q: How did you manage that?*

HARVEY: I don't know. That's just the way it came out. There was a piece of discrimination, immediately, against me, because I went out to take the place of someone whose name escapes me at the moment. Someone I knew well. He had a nice house, and I was immediately told I couldn't have that house. The army was going to take it back. You see, it was still under military government when I got there, and it was for well over a year and a half before we technically became an embassy. So I lived with my enormous setter dog, who by this time came up to join me. I'd been back in the States in the meantime, on home leave.

We lived in a tiny little apartment over my office, which was not in the complex or in the embassy. It was a little office right near the Parliament—inside Bonn itself. I probably was one of the few people who actually lived in Bonn. I lived there five months.

We gave a lunch every day for various people from the Bundestag, to twist their arms about this or that. I was part of this, to help write up this or that and the other, and do what we could with them. I remember one of the representatives saying to me, rather pleasantly, “I suppose you do the housekeeping here?”

*Q: Oh, isn't that awful!*

HARVEY: Well, it's probably what he thought. But I said no, I didn't worry too much about it. It was full of amusement.

Before I moved to the complex I was working particularly in this outfit with Charlie Thayer at the top of it. Charlie didn't really want me very much. Charlie was one of the two chiefs I had who really didn't want me, as a woman. He told one of my good friends later that he

felt he had made a terrible mistake. It was too late then. But in any case, it was already interesting; there was no doubt about it.

Then I was made the head of a group of Americans which dealt only with the representatives of other Allied embassies in Bonn. That was what we were supposed to do. I was the head of that group.

*Q: What sort of work?*

HARVEY: What happened was that once or twice a month we met with the people who were not in the military government. The Allies who were not in military government; the other foreigners, like the Belgians, the Spaniards, and Dutch. It seems to me we did have a Frenchman in there. We told them what we thought they ought to know. We had a meeting ahead of time to decide what we should not tell them—it was just this group of young officers—what we should not tell our friends and allies, what they should not know what was going on in Germany, and what we should tell them. I did that for several months, prepared what we had decided to do, and reported on what we had done. They just left us to make these decisions. It was really quite remarkable when I think of it now.

*Q: Left you to make the decisions?*

HARVEY: And the people sort of respectfully receiving the crumbs from my table—it was really quite remarkable. But they were quite glad to have almost anything they could find out.

*Q: Were you told by another outfit what you were supposed to tell them?*

HARVEY: Not all the time; sometimes we'd make up our minds ourselves. I think we were probably told sometimes, but we usually knew what we were supposed to do. By that time we knew the things that were too much, too little, or too delicate.

Then I went into more straight political work. Sometime then John Patton Davis came out to be the chief of section, and he was . . .

*Q: Replaced Charlie Thayer, you mean?*

HARVEY: I can't remember whether he just replaced him or not. Perhaps he did. Charlie went as Consul General to Munich. My friends, the Sommerscales—he was Consul General there, too. Nelle reproached Charlie for the way he had treated Constance Harvey and he said, “It's one of my greatest failures.” Poor Charlie. It was sad about Charlie.

*Q: Yes. He didn't stay in the Service long after that, did he?*

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: I did some negotiating with other nationals which probably some of the other chiefs didn't approve of very much. I believed in being rather conciliatory—listening to the other people—instead of just always putting down exactly what the United States believed and wanted, and that was that. I thought at least you ought to hear a lot about the other side, too, but that was not particularly approved.

*Q: No, but I think this point that you made about . . .*

HARVEY: Help from colleagues. And of course, it may be more organized now. A chief or somebody ought to have the responsibility of going over certain problems with the new people coming to his office—or somebody should—and telling him how to run things. Because it wasn't only the problems, it was also certain types of activity that people didn't always know about. It was all so varied from one country to another. I was always just left to find out on my own. I don't think I ever had any help along that line that I can remember.

*Q: And yet the men who followed you did?*

HARVEY: Well, you could see that they helped each other; it was natural.

*Q: They helped each other?*

HARVEY: It was just natural for them to do it. I didn't feel it was wrong for them to do it, but I thought they ought to have done it with me too. I don't know why I never suggested it to them; I suppose I hadn't quite put it in words yet, but I realized that this was one of the real problems at my time in the Service, which was with my whole career: that I was never really given any guidance—or practically none. I won't say I was never, but perhaps later on there was some difference.

*Q: You never were part of the old-boys' network?*

HARVEY: No. This is what I would like to have been. And I think one should be. I wonder whether that has changed? Perhaps somewhat. Probably.

*Q: Oh, I think to a large extent. Because now people move up in cones. You don't jump around; you go up in a cone. You are trained before you go out, and you all sort of learn the same thing. So as long as you stay in that cone. . .*

HARVEY: I wonder how much training they give you? It's very difficult to give training not on the spot. Because it does vary a great deal from one place to another—how you deal with people. Well, I learned from some of the people under me. Frank Cash, who had a wonderful career and lives here, always refers to me as his former boss. I learned a lot from Frank. He kept all of his papers—in a negotiating thing—himself. He never let the secretary file it or do anything about it; he always did it himself. I never did that. I felt that was a menial task and I was not to do that. I realized how he kept things together in his own mind. I just watched that. He was well organized about that sort of thing. I guess he didn't have a secretary, perhaps, to do too much for him.

*Q: Maybe not. Of course, they are a vanishing species now, and most everything is done on a computer. The officers do it themselves. The whole thing has changed.*

HARVEY: Yes, it must have changed a great deal. It seems hard to know how a computer can handle a great deal of that information. Well, it has to be put into words before it gets into the computer, by somebody. So it's really just a way of filing it.

*Q: Secretarial help is very hard to come by now.*

HARVEY: You mean they don't have them?

*Q: Well, the women who would apply for that are now eligible to be officers and they don't want to be secretaries. There are secretaries, but there are many fewer than there were before.*

HARVEY: We have someone here in Lexington, Miss Martha Daura, who is a graduate of Bryn Mawr and is a brilliant young woman, who was secretary to a number of ambassadors. I said to her not very long ago, “Martha, I have thought for a long time . . . She's been retired for family reasons for quite a while, and she's stunning-looking, and, I guess, she's completely trilingual in Spanish, French, and English, because her father was Spanish, and she lived most of her childhood in France. I said, “I thought probably you really felt that being a secretary you had more freedom.” She could do more with her life. She did a lot of extraordinary expeditions on her own.

*Q: Did she?*

HARVEY: She still does. She does various archeological things. It was interesting, in a way; it was an interesting time to be in the Service. There was no doubt about that.

*Q: When you were in Bonn, do you remember when Cohn and Schine came through?*

HARVEY: Yes, I guess I do, but I remember particularly a remark by John Davis, which set us all roaring with laughter. We were trying to make up the sheet as to whether we wanted to be transferred or to stay on. Quite a few of us in his section said we would like to stay on a little longer. I remember he looked at the sheets and said, “You mean, even come Cohn and Schine? You want to stay.” (laughter)

I did a trick on him once, because I felt who knows what they will need—these young men. It took me a little while, but I wrote to Athens and got one of the clerks back there to send me as fast as he could quite a few of those wooden rosary beads that they click behind them. You know?

*Q: Oh yes. Worry beads?*

HARVEY: Worry beads. Really it's to keep people from trying to smoke more than anything else; that's what they're used for. Worry beads. So I passed them out to everybody. There wasn't quite enough to go around. I didn't have one myself, but all the young men had one. So just before John walked in to take charge that morning, they all began to click their worry beads. He looked around and said, “What do you think they're going to think of us here?” Everybody thought this was quite a funny, mean thing for me to do.

*Q: Well, he had to laugh at it.*

HARVEY: I was very fond of Davis. He's a brilliant man, and very kind. My last ambassador there was James Conant, who was great. I knew him afterward. I used to see him up in Hannover.

*Q: Had you asked for Bonn?*

HARVEY: No, I wanted an embassy. I don't think I ever asked for Bonn. No, I didn't. I wanted to go to an embassy where I would have political work, and I drew Bonn. It was a

very interesting place to be. It was strange not to become an embassy immediately; that was very peculiar.

Then, of course, when we went and lived in this compound, I didn't like that very much, because I'd always been on the economy before. I'd never lived like that.

*Q: It can be grim.*

HARVEY: It's the only way people live now.

*Q: In many places that's true.*

HARVEY: I went from there back to the Department, then I went up to Strasbourg where I lived in the government house. But it was a house; it wasn't a compound.

*Q: That's not the same thing, no.*

HARVEY: This is everywhere now.

*Q: Fortress mentality.*

HARVEY: Yes, it's very sad. But you know the security in those days was ridiculous. Were you and I talking about it—about the Paris Embassy?

*Q: No.*

HARVEY: I can remember perfectly well, even after I left the Service, you could walk into the Paris Embassy. Any American could walk in and just walk all around. If you knew where somebody's room was you just went up to his room. Well, that has never been possible in a British embassy. You couldn't do that anywhere; you were escorted by somebody at the front door to wherever you were going. That was for sure. It was just ridiculous. Then in Strasbourg when I was there, we didn't have any troubles but that was a ridiculous place. They ought to have had the kind of shutters that are iron on all of the

windows, for various reasons. Which are so common in Europe. The little apartment I had in Basel had these things that came down, so when the blackout came I didn't have to buy any black draperies or anything. All I had to do was push the button and these things would come down and not a single ray of light would go out. It was absolutely against rocks, or anything like that. Complete protection. That office we had in Strasbourg was just wide open. Anybody could have walked in and taken over anything they wanted without any problems. There was an apartment where the consul lived—in the building—but that was the same story. So that was something we were behind with.

*Q: Did the McCarthy business impinge much on your life?*

HARVEY: No, I was fortunate. And I must say the people with whom I ever had to discuss any problems were always very understanding and very helpful. I was out of the country a large part of that time. But of course I knew what was going on; actually I knew a lot of what was going on.

*Q: It was a terrible time for the whole country.*

HARVEY: It was a dreadful time in every respect. And it was appalling to let that man get away with these ridiculous things; even saying that Eisenhower was a Communist.

*Q: He attacked Marshall.*

HARVEY: Yes, indeed he did! He was a horrid man. Of course, there's a lot of horrid things around generally. There are fears of people; there are people who are afraid for one reason or another, and they usually latch on to groups like that. Some of it's fear. I suppose one never can tell. It happens first there, and then somewhere else. Times have changed.

*Q: I see that you went up to Edinburgh, and that must have been on TDY [temporary duty], because you weren't there very long.*

HARVEY: It was three months only.

*Q: What did you do up there?*

HARVEY: It didn't seem to me I did much. There was hardly ever a ship in port, although they did come into the port occasionally. What else does Edinburgh do?

*Q: That's a very small office, isn't it?*

HARVEY: Yes, very small. I had somebody there who'd been with me in Bonn, a young chap that I knew. He was the second there, and stayed on with me and was very helpful. I let Jack do all the work! I went around and visited with the people. I had a lovely time. I found the food atrocious except at a good men's club. Awful food.

*Q: You went to a good men's club?*

HARVEY: When I was taken there. The food was very good there. No, I was asked to join the Ladies' Caledonia Club. I lived in a hotel; I didn't live in other lodgings. It was during the winter, of all times. The train almost didn't get up to Edinburgh, it was terrible snow. They were feeding the people in the isles by helicopter; there was no way they could get anywhere near it. It was awful. Awful snow storms. However, it cleared off after a while, and the daffodils arrived before I left.

It was just delightful knowing the Scots that way. They were very attractive, interesting people. Obviously not people of wealth, but of distinction and a good sense of humor. I must say the parties were delightful, with the men in their dress kilts. There was a lot of that sort of thing.

*Q: And that energetic dancing they do!*

HARVEY: My, yes. Exhausting to think about. It was interesting. There were some very interesting people I ran across, but I was there a very short time. Did we have any American problems? Oh goodness sake, yes we did. We had a Gretna Green case.

*Q: You did?*

HARVEY: Yes, we did. I've never thought of it all these years. Somebody eloped to Gretna Green; it was quite a to-do. I can't remember just what I did about it, but I had to do what I could, because this young woman was a ward in chancery. That was something. I had to go and talk to the man, who had been put in prison in Edinburgh—for going off with a ward in chancery. That was pretty awful.

*Q: He was the American?*

HARVEY: Yes.

*Q: And she was not an American?*

HARVEY: I can't remember what her nationality was, but he was an American, and he was in prison, and I had to go and see him in prison. I didn't get him out right away, but I guess we got him out pretty soon. I thought this sounded like something out of a Victorian novel. Eloping to Gretna Green.

*Q: Was he after her fortune?*

HARVEY: Well, he said not. I'm not sure she had all that fortune, really, but I don't know. Somehow or other it was solved, and he was let out. I guess he had to go back to America.

*Q: You went back to Bonn after that?*

HARVEY: I went back to Bonn, and just sort of picked up where I was before. But it wasn't very long—a few months—before I went back to the Department.

*Q: And there?*

HARVEY: I didn't know what I was going to do. I had to go shopping around to get a job in the Department. To my great relief, dear Johnny Jones said, “I'll take you. I've got a slot and I think you'd be just all right in that slot.” So that was very good, and I was in WE [Office of Western European Affairs] and made the economic officer to begin with. Again, the economic officer, for Austria and Italy. That turned out to be a very good job, because after a while I was no longer economic officer, I was officer in charge. I had to entertain when I was officer in charge for these two countries. I sure was busy with these two countries. I knew a lot of people on my own; not necessarily Service people. I never had a chance to see them at all! Months would go by and I never even would telephone them, because these two countries kept me completely busy, both in the office and outside the office. It went on and on.

Then one of the prominent Italian cabinet members was coming and I was to host a lunch for him. Bill Tyler said, “You can use my privileges at the Metropolitan Club.” Bill Tyler was then in charge of WE.

Then just the morning of the lunch—a couple hours before—somebody came in and said, “Don't you realize that no woman, Bill, can go into the club until after 5 o'clock?”

“Oh,” he said, “for goodness sakes, I forgot all about that.” So they had to get another younger officer to take the lunch. The following year, or some months later when I was faced with another big lunch, I gave it at Blair House, where they couldn't turn me down and didn't want to turn me down. But I thought this was really a good example. It couldn't help but tickle me; I thought it was awfully funny.

I did tell you, didn't I, that I knew Bill Tyler before I realized he was Royall Tyler's son?

*Q: No.*

HARVEY: I told you about Royall Tyler?

*Q: You told me about Royall Tyler.*

HARVEY: Yes, I knew Bill Tyler, and I never realized he was Royall Tyler's son until one day I found out, and I said, “Bill, you know I knew your father and your mother before I knew you.” I had known him for several years. That was very strange. Royall Tyler died when I was in Bonn. I remember going into Sam Reber's office and looking for something on his desk. There was a telegram that said Royall Tyler had just died. Everybody knew him and loved him, and respected him very much. He'd never been in the Service; but Bill, of course, was born to it.

There was a wonderful cartoon once, somewhere. I can't remember if it was in Bill's house or office, of his returning to France just after the landings. It's a picture of Bill astride a great big, enormous wine barrel, and it said, “Courage, mes amis. J'arrive.” He's got the tri-couleur there and a flag in both hands riding his wine barrel into the fray.

*Q: You mentioned before that at this time you were in charge of Italian and Austrian affairs when Claire Boothe Luce was in Italy.*

HARVEY: Yes, that's right. I guess I'd even seen her before, because she used to come for meetings in Washington and I always sat in on those. I think it's one of those meetings where I realized she seemed to me like a very bright, brilliant child, who just couldn't wait to speak her piece.

*Q: A precocious child?*

HARVEY: A precocious child, yes. I knew a Frenchwoman who had the same difficult gift. A gift which is also a great handicap at the same time. She couldn't resist a bon mot.

*Q: Right.*

HARVEY: My personal conviction, from what I've known and seen and perhaps guessed a little, is that's why she didn't go as ambassador to Brazil. People said, “Oh, she decided that it was not wise.” She was learning Portuguese as hard as she could.

And then she said about Wayne Morse, “He was kicked in the head by a horse.” That just infuriated Wayne Morse, who said he wouldn't agree to anything about Clare Boothe Luce.

*Q: No, that certainly is right.*

HARVEY: But she was brilliant; she was really a brilliant person.

*Q: Did her homework, too, didn't she?*

HARVEY: Oh yes! I think she did. She was usually late for everything, but I didn't point this out. Once the man who later became the Italian ambassador to Washington did. John Foster [Dulles] trotted right along behind her, and picked up her things off the floor.

*Q: Did he really?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes he did. Q: I guess she told the State Department what do to, didn't she?

HARVEY: She did the best she could.

*Q: I wonder if you could tell me how Frances Willis was regarded?*

HARVEY: She was regarded—as far as I've ever seen or heard—with the greatest admiration by her colleagues, including me. I think that she was, to me, the great lady of the Foreign Service so far.

*Q: Yes. Somebody said she was the "paradigm" of the old Foreign Service.*

HARVEY: Yes, I think that's good. Of course, it was the old Foreign Service, with the relationships, but she got ahead very fast, you know. She didn't let herself be vice-consul in Valparaiso very long.

*Q: She did indeed. She got to go to embassies. Don't you think that's the key, to get to embassies?*

HARVEY: Well, yes of course, but you see she got herself out of any kind of job that was really menial. A great many officers—not just women—an awful lot of the young men feel they were doing inferior work, too. And a great many of them are.

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: Really and truly. Maybe it's different in the time of machinery, but I doubt it. There are a lot of people who think they could be doing better things. I spent the whole of my youth in the Foreign Service doing things that I felt were very beneath my abilities, to tell you the truth.

*Q: Well, considering your education, I should say you were right.*

HARVEY: It was true not just for women; that was true for many men, too. Some people had the way, or knack, or good luck, to get themselves out of it quickly. And she did it within the first year she was in the Service.

*Q: She did very well. And of course, she went to work for [Joseph] Grew, in the Department, and that really spurred her career.*

HARVEY: When was that? Was that after she went to Valparaiso?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: After she came back from there. She went to the embassy there, too, afterward.

*Q: That's right.*

HARVEY: She didn't stay at Valparaiso. I probably should have gone to Grew. Hyde wanted me to go, but I wasn't ready for it, because I wasn't ready myself for that—to know what to do about things. She was more advanced when she entered the Service; she was more mature, professionally, in many ways than I was.

*Q: And she was older; she had been out, she had taught.*

HARVEY: Yes, she was somewhat older, and she certainly had a lot of practical experience in different situations. So it was her due.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: I've known that on a courier mission to Portugal she was in an automobile accident. One of her arms was badly scarred. It mended but she said she'd always have to wear long sleeves the rest of her life.

*Q: That took place when she was in Madrid. They just took the pouch over, did they?*

HARVEY: I guess. I don't know what else they might have been doing. Usually they have a man courier who has it chained to him. I knew perfectly well that our courier took cooked

chicken in the pouch. It was the only way you could eat when you went through Spain. You couldn't get any food in Spain.

*Q: So he took cooked chicken in the pouch!*

HARVEY: He took whatever he had to eat before he got to Lisbon. We knew that perfectly well. After all, this was what war was!

*Q: You mentioned that they had an article in The New York Times written by a dog who was interned. Pouches could tell quite a story, couldn't they?*

HARVEY: Yes, they could.

*Q: The inside of a pouch.*

HARVEY: I don't think the pouch ever brought. . . the courier brought in his pocket, raw beef for my cat, from Bern, but I don't think it ever came by pouch. I think he just brought it on the side.

*Q: Did you feel this position you had in Washington at this time was one that was very conducive to growth, as far as your career went?*

HARVEY: Yes, and it seemed to be developing that way, too. As I had, also, this official trip to both Italy and Austria. Q: When was that?

HARVEY: In '56. It was rather a sad ending. I was in Italy, and I had some interesting things that I did. I went down with some assistants from the Embassy, to Sicily, and saw various things.

I was taken by a group from Catania, up into the mountains behind Mount Etna, where they were opening a new hydraulic dam. I think American funds had been put in it. They

thought it would be fine to have this young lady officer push the button—these are the Italians, you see—and make the dam go for the first time. That was going to be fine.

I thought that was great; I'd be delighted to do this. It was a long day's journey, and we had lunch in the sort of temporary building they had up there where all these men had been living. Not necessarily the actual workers, but all the people who had been directing it, you see. We'd have lunch there, and then I would go “Foop” like that, and the dam would start to work.

Well, that was great, and we drove up and it was quite a longish drive. They courteously waved me in the direction of what they would have said, the retiring place in Italian. I went in to have, as the English say, “a wash and brush up,” although there wasn't much water, except in the johnny. And I used it. I had on the best pair of gloves I've ever had in my life. I could not get the door open to get out of the place. It was absolutely stuck! I pounded, I kicked, I called. This was a wing, they modestly had gone way off to the other side of the wing—a long way on the other side of the kitchens and everything else, where we were going to have the banquet.

I couldn't get out of this place! It was terrible! What was I going to do? It would be perhaps an hour, and they would feel so embarrassed. Well, I looked at the window which was not large but I realized I could—with a great effort—get through the window if I could get up to it. So I stood on the johnny, and I realized that I was just going to be able to get up and get out of the window. It was quite a jump below, into a muddy ditch. Holding onto my pocketbook, but leaving, alas, my gloves behind. I got down into the ditch, and sort of brushed myself together.

*Q: Muddy ditch!*

HARVEY: It was muddy, yes, but still I wasn't mired or anything. There was great big barbed wire all around the outside of the ditch, so the only thing to do was to go on an inspection tour around the outside of the building, looking around at it. When I went past

the kitchen, they looked very surprised to see the guest of honor coming through the gutter, but I got around the thing and finally joined the rest of them. We had a nice lunch, and I went and pushed the button, and the beautiful water flowed over the beautiful dam. But I was a coward and never said, “Please help me get back my gloves.” That was part of my official visit to Italy. There were other things, but that was one that sticks in my mind.

*Q: I can see why! The panic that must have come over you—”What do I do now?”*

HARVEY: I didn't know how I was going to get out of that place.

*Q: And of course, nobody ever knew.*

HARVEY: I don't know how they ever got in. When they wanted to get into the johnny themselves, how did they get in? They must have wondered a bit then. Then they probably found the gloves. The Italians being very bright, they probably figured it out. That was the acme of that part of the trip.

I enjoyed the time I was in Rome. It was about a week, and I had a lot of other things to go back and talk about. A dear old friend of mine, Francis Deak was economic counselor there at that time. I don't suppose you have even ever heard of Francis Deak?

*Q: No.*

HARVEY: I'd known him at Columbia, when we were students at Columbia. He was the grandson of one of the great European leaders of all time, who had been head of the Hungarian government—Prime Minister of Hungary. He had come to the United States for various things. I had known Francis. We rather quarreled quite a lot, but we were fond of each other as the years went by. I didn't approve of all the various things he did. Then he married somebody who had sort of a dog for a child, or something. In any case, they were always sending me Christmas cards with pictures of the three of them. Then I found him in Rome, and to my delight, Francis had really moderated a bit. He'd become a little

bit gentler in many respects, and he was adored by all of his staff, which was a big one. This was before Jean [Wilkowski] went there. I don't know whether she took his place, or whether there was a hiatus between.

He had helped organize—when he was at Columbia, and of course, the name carried weight—a benefit for Hungarians in the political situation. This was way back in the fall of '27, a long time ago. The whole of the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria had been turned into a Gypsy tent, and practically the whole embassy came from Washington. Bella Bartok played the piano.

It was a great crowd of people, and it was a benefit for some kind of political situation—but it was for the Hungarians. He had done this just about single-handedly. He was a very talented man, with a very fine education, and he was studying at the law school the way I was. I guess we must have been in some classes together.

I took him and a Polish student up to Smith College. Oh, they were part of the International Students Organization. It had a suspicious note in it by the time McCarthy came around; I'm sure they thought they were all Communists. They certainly were way off center. But in any case, there I found Francis, and I was very glad to see him again. They all just loved him. The officers, the secretaries, and everybody else. I think it was his last job.

Then I went on, and I had things to report. I went on to Vienna, and I was there just at the time of the whole influx of refugees from the Hungarian Revolution. I couldn't believe what I saw.

I did see some lovely things in Vienna; I was there a little bit less than a week. I was taken out to one of the great steel foundries, and to some of the beautiful things—not too far from Vienna, but a nice trip.

But what was really, to me, amazing: the Viennese whom I had thought were rather light-headed in many respects, there wasn't a person that you could run across, from the top

officials to the porter of the hotel, who weren't absolutely immersed in what they could do for the refugees. They were taking them in. Everybody. Every doctor in Austria had a Hungarian in his house before another day went by. It was absolutely a moving experience to see.

They once had animosity against these rival people in the great empire, but they were their cousins, and they were going to what they could for them.

I went back and I had quite a few things about this I wanted to tell, because I thought it was terrible that we were doing nothing to help them. I got back to the Department and the Israelis had just attacked in Suez.

*Q: That's right!*

HARVEY: I was able to be debriefed about Italy—somebody got me with that—and then nobody would hear a single thing I had to tell them about what was going on in Austria. They had no time for anything to do with Austria at all.

They didn't know what was going to happen, and they were horrified at what was going on and worried to death about what the Russians were going to do. That was kind of a sad trip, in a way.

*Q: Yes, it was. Luck plays such a large part.*

HARVEY: Yes, if it hadn't been for the Suez, we would have made some kind of outcry about what was happening in Hungary. We really would have.

*Q: It was terrible.*

HARVEY: It was really bad.

*Q: Did you like living back in the States?*

HARVEY: To my surprise, I rather enjoyed—not living back in the States, at that time I didn't feel I was, being in Washington—but I really enjoyed my time at the Department. I really enjoyed it; it was work that was interesting. And I had nice people to talk with, and helpful. It was busy and I enjoyed it. I was glad I had held off so I could get a fairly good job. I'm eternally grateful to Johnny Jones for having accepted me—a kind of waif, trying to find a shelter.

*Q: You had to find your own place?*

HARVEY: Well, you went around and asked if somebody would have you.

*Q: Because you were brought back, because you'd been overseas so many years?*

HARVEY: They said it was illegal for them to keep me out any longer.

*Q: It couldn't be more than 15 years out, I think.*

HARVEY: Well, it had been quite a bit more than that. But then, you know, there are kennel dogs and field dogs, and I was a field dog. I did not want to go back to the Department, but when I did I was quite happy there during those four years, and found it very interesting.

I had my housekeeper, who came with me from Bonn and looked after things for me in my tiny little house. Then she went back to Strasbourg with me.

*Q: Where did you buy your house?*

HARVEY: Where?

*Q: Didn't you say you bought a house there?*

HARVEY: Yes, a little house just off Westmoreland Circle, in a little area right down there. The Dan Brewsters lived up the street, a couple blocks nearer. I was about four blocks from the [District] line, but that was about it.

*Q: You were within the District, though?*

HARVEY: No, I was in Maryland. A very good friend of mine—the widow of a Foreign Service Officer—Tattie Bingham . . . Oh, you wouldn't know her name—it was Leverage. Did you ever know Butch Leverage? They were out in Romania, but he died young—something about the lungs. Tattie I'd known in college, and she was earning her living after his death in the real estate business. She found me my house.

Somebody said to me once, “This little, tiny house! Constance, whoever got you that?” Well, it was all I could afford, and I was very thankful to have it. When it came time to sell it, I sold it in exactly five minutes!

*Q: Did you?*

HARVEY: Just barely. Well, you know Washington—things go like hot cakes. No problem about selling at all.

*Q: None at all. Now, did you have a hand in finding yourself—I guess it was your last post, was it?*

HARVEY: No, I didn't have a hand in finding that at all.

*Q: You didn't?*

HARVEY: No, they offered it. Somebody said you're going to have a lovely house to live in. Well, that sounded nice. I didn't know what it was going to be like. From Basel I'd gone to Colmar. Oh, I had gone through Strasbourg once; I had once spent a night in Strasbourg,

traveling from Switzerland to Bonn. But I didn't know too much about it, but it certainly is a very attractive city. You've been there?

*Q: Never.*

HARVEY: Oh, it's a wonderful city. There are several things to see there. Of course, there's the very old Strasbourg, which is 15th and 16th century, a lot of it. Then there's the cathedral, which is Gothic, and then there's a wonderful 18th century part of Strasbourg. There are also some modern things in Strasbourg which are very attractive architecturally. Quite modern but good. I had the most beautiful garden in Strasbourg, a magnificent garden. It was a house which had been purchased a few years before by the government, and it had been built at the turn of the century by some wealthy Jews who had plenty of money. What had been done with the garden: it was on two levels—sort of steps, and a balustrade. I don't think it was marble, but maybe it was. And a fountain on the upstairs part of it.

They had planted the most wonderful variety of different shades of green trees. The trees—even without any flowers—were stunning. There was the most magnificent Catalpa tree right out on my balcony. Usually, until they get to be big they are not very attractive, but this was beautiful.

The other plantings were beautiful—the roses all around. My predecessor there, with whom I overlapped a few days so he could give me some instruction, he was very helpful, poor soul. That was a sad tale.

I moved in there with my housekeeper, who lived in the little apartment over the garage, and I was in the big house. Up on the top floor there was a family which was connected with the information service there. They had another, separate entrance, so it seemed like quite a separate establishment.

They were there for some months, not too long, and they were replaced by one man and his mother. They weren't there too long, either, and then somebody else came and that was turned over to a secretary's apartment, and the other chap had another place in town. He was an old hand and wanted to be in town.

It was a beautiful garden, and I had some planting done myself for it. I enjoyed it very much; it was absolutely stunning! I remember one of the first things that Tommy Thompson, whose place I was taking as Consul General, said to me, “Constance, be very careful; you don't use the fountain more than a very few hours in the year.”

“I thought,” he said, “when I first came, it was so lovely to have a fountain I would let it run all the time. And then I got the water bill! It wasn't cycled at all!” He said it was perfectly appalling. He said, “Be careful of the fountain.” I remember this as one of my introductions.

He went to Zurich—he may have gone home first—he went to Zurich for a couple of years, and then he retired. His terrible problem was alcohol. He was a real alcoholic.

*Q: That's a very grave problem in the Service.*

HARVEY: Oh, it would be, very grave. He was a brilliant man. He could do all kinds of things. But that was the problem; he just didn't have much energy by that time anymore. But he'd been a very effective person. Then I was the representative there. Well, I was there all the time. I was representative on the Rhine Commission for the United States.

That was very interesting. I liked that very much. It was the oldest treaty in Europe; it had been founded at the Council of Vienna. But I had to close it; the last year I was there they decided they were going to pull out of it, they weren't going to spend any more money on it. Well, they spent practically no money on it, really, and it was a place where you learned a great deal about the general political attitudes of some of these people who were the

members. It was really interesting. The French versus the Belgians and the Dutch, for instance. Quite a different kettle of fish, about European politics.

The engineer of it, who was a Dutchman, was one of my close friends. I learned a lot from them.

*Q: Well, you say you had the whole Saar region?*

HARVEY: No, that had gone back to Germany. The Saar had been returned to Germany well before I arrived. We didn't do anything more about the Saar when I got there.

But there were other things to do. I covered the things of the Council of Europe, of course, which met—not all the time—but it met quite frequently. They had someone come up from Brussels to do the Parliament; the Parliament met even less frequently than the Council, but it did meet every once in a while. Of course, I went to that too, but I didn't really do the reporting on it. That can be done quite well from Brussels. They had the habit of getting that. As far as the Department choosing which office to close; they've got to choose between Lyon and Strasbourg. Indignant as the Strasbourgois would be about this—were, when they heard of it—I vote for Lyon to be kept open, because I think that's a place where you've got to have representation. Really! You can manage in Strasbourg from other places. Was it in Strasbourg that they tried to close Basel?

On the Rhine Commission there were all these old Baselers, you see. Of course, having lived in Basel, they were fond of me. They were absolutely enraged at the idea of Basel being closed—it was the oldest consulate we had in Europe, you see. It was the very first one we ever had.

*Q: Is that so?*

HARVEY: The very first one. I can't remember why, but it was. I suppose it was sort of a crossroad point, or something like that. They finally reopened it; it wasn't closed very long. I'm sure it's probably closed now.

*Q: I'm sure it has.*

HARVEY: Of course, Switzerland is a small country. An awful lot of business is done in Geneva now; much more than when I lived in the area. Well of course, the League of Nations had been in Geneva—that's where their building was.

*Q: There's an awful lot of commissions there now, in Geneva.*

HARVEY: Now, yes. But there was quite a long time before the U.N. started to develop there. And then, all the American companies have offices there now. There must be an awful lot of them.

*Q: And they choose to. I suppose it's because it's so centrally located.*

HARVEY: Yes, it's very centrally located. As far as airports are concerned, it's probably more sure to get into than Zurich. Zurich is a little bit nearer some mountains. Geneva is not very far from some of the mountains, but I think it's more liable to be open. Both of them are pretty good. Of course, the airport for Basel is in France.

*Q: Oh, is it?*

HARVEY: It's on French territory, but it is the Basel airport. By golly, when I was in Strasbourg one of the things that was incredible—I did have to do something about this, but what could I do? One of the great big, transatlantic planes—I can't remember what line it was—was left apparently unattended in the Basel airport for a few hours, and some young American came along and just took it off. This great big, enormous thing! They had

the most awful time getting him down. I don't think he finally came down in that port; he came down somewhere—one in Belgium I think.

*Q: I never heard of such a thing!*

HARVEY: Nobody had ever heard of such a thing. Just one person in this great big, transatlantic thing. Why he did it, I don't think I ever heard. There was a great deal of telegraphing back and forth about it, but you didn't have much to say. The air forces were doing the best they could. I guess he ran out of gas and had to come down. I don't think he came back at the same airport; I'm not positive of that, but he did get down to ground. The airports there were close together. He came down and was taken into custody and taken away, because that was really a crazy business.

*Q: I should say it was.*

HARVEY: He didn't have anybody with him.

*Q: Imagine! How many people did you have working for you in Strasbourg?*

HARVEY: Oh, I can't remember offhand, but I might try to count them up. It was not a large staff: I had a consul and a vice-consul, I think part of the time, and an information officer. Then I had locals—some of them very capable; at least one man was very capable.

I had very good American secretaries, who changed from time to time. I had one who gave me trouble. She really was a problem. She came in to me one day, after various problems. I don't remember her name and it's just as well. She said, “Miss Harvey, I've decided to resign from the Service. I just don't like it.”

I said, “Oh no, you mustn't do that. If you're not happy here, you can be somewhere else. You mustn't go and do anything rapid like that, and make any crazy decisions.” She knew I wasn't really pleased with her work, but it wasn't exactly that, just everything was wrong for

her. I wouldn't say that she was such an incompetent, she wasn't particularly incompetent. She was just a mistake.

I said, “I don't think you should.”

Well, she insisted. The next day she came back and she said, “I'm going.”

I said, “Well, all right then.” So I informed the Department. I can't remember what happened—I guess she was still there. Yes, she was still there. Some of her friends in the Department telephoned her and said they heard that she had offered her resignation and I had accepted it. She came tearing in and said, “I didn't expect you to do a thing like that against me.”

*Q: Oh, for heavens sake.*

HARVEY: And here I'd done my best to try to keep her from being such an idiot, you see. But in the end, they said something like, “We know about this girl.” So she went home and was replaced by somebody with good common sense. There were a lot of things psychologically wrong with her. She was going through a bad period, I think, poor thing. I had a very bright girl secretary who came right after her. She was very good.

*Q: Did you have an administrative officer to help you run things and take care of your car?*

HARVEY: I had a chauffeur, and a car, but I had my own car, too. I didn't use that car except for official occasions, of which there were quite a few. Oh, yes, but he was a Frenchman—the administrative officer.

*Q: Oh, he was?*

HARVEY: Yes. I don't think I had an American one; I can't remember an American one. There was always a consul there, who lived in the apartment. It was a good staff. I had a couple of problems, but I could be quite tough with some of them, when I thought I

should. I never waited, and I never let anybody know about anything else. The two French secretaries had the same office; both of them were very capable. One was the daughter of a judge, but she was apparently making life hell for the other girl, who was just sobbing over her typewriter.

So I asked some questions. I got hold of the young lady—whose name I don't remember, but I've probably got her birthday and everything down in my book—who was making the trouble, and I asked her to accompany me to my office, and then I pinned her ears right straight back. I said, “I'm having none of this. You are going to be separated immediately. You are going to move immediately. You can go home now, if you like, and your things will all be moved into this other office, and somebody else is going to be sitting in that office. You're not going to be together any more. Goodbye.”

She was pretty mad at me for a while, but she did get over it. I never told anybody else about it, or what I said to her. That was none of their business. I do not believe in sending circulars around to people about doing this and not doing that. The thing to do is talk to a person. I'm not a very good administrator, but that is something I felt very strongly about. I hated circulars, because in the first place, it doesn't get to the real point.

If you're going to talk it out with somebody, get that person alone and give it to them and not beat about the bush. Then let it go at that.

*Q: It clears the air.*

HARVEY: It clears the air, and there's no reason why anybody else should know about it. The less of that the better. Of course, the smaller the office is, the more likely everything is to be known. But all these circulars I'm very much against. I remember once I went up to one of the consular conferences at the Embassy. It was toward the end of my time there, and I was feeling rather independent. There was one perfectly ridiculous thing that had come out from the Department.

It was about filing. There was going to be a new system of filing. And they wanted to know—every single office in the whole world was going to have to answer this questionnaire that they sent about the changes to the filing they were proposing to put in. I looked at this three-page questionnaire, which I would have taken I don't know how many hours to answer, and I decided I wasn't going to pay any attention to it. I said to this consular conference, “I'm not going to pay any attention to it whatsoever, unless some of us want to get together and say the thing that should be done is send this questionnaire to two big embassies, perhaps one medium-sized embassy, and perhaps a big consular office and one little one, and that's enough. Not have the whole world wasting all their time. After all, there's no use asking everybody these questions, because you'll get all you need to know if you will get an assortment of different sized posts. That's all you need. I'm not going to pay attention to it; I'm not going to answer it.”

And a couple of other people said, “We won't either.” So I don't know what the Department did. They probably didn't know about me, but they knew they were having trouble in France. You know, that's silly. Somebody wants to get information and the only way they can think of is in general.

*Q: Tell me, how long were you in Strasbourg, all together?*

HARVEY: Six years.

*Q: Six years as Consul-General?*

HARVEY: I was right out to pasture at the end, but I was busy right up to the end. It was very interesting.

*Q: Active social life?*

HARVEY: Yes, yes.

*Q: And enjoyed it?*

HARVEY: Yes. This dear old woman I had, whom I had taught to be a cook—she really had never been a cook before she came to me—she was half Dutch, half German. She spent 23 years in the Far East, before she got a job with the government . . . You see, when I arrived, the military government in Bonn—all the Americans had been sort of allotted servants for whom the government paid. We were not yet an embassy.

After about two months that came to an end. And Fraulein Bohe, who was a great big, tall, strapping woman, fell in love with my Setter dog; that's what pinned her to me. She was crazy about him. So she came to me and said, “Well, I'm sorry, I won't be coming next week.”

I said, “What do you mean? You've just begun working.”

“Oh, but you see, the job has come to an end. They're not going to hire us any more.” I don't think I realized this was happening.

“Well,” I said, “You can come back just the same.”

She said, “You mean you're going to pay me?”

I said, “Yes, of course I'm going to pay you.” She was quite astonished at this. So she did come back and she was with me 13 years. She wasn't a cook; she had been a maid and a housemaid, and so forth, but she was interested in it, and I sent her to cooking school. She was an elderly lady, already. She did pretty well, and she learned more and more. She went with me to the States, and when I went back to Strasbourg she really took charge. After I had been there awhile I gave a dinner party for 24 people. All I had to do for that dinner party was to put around the place cards—which I had written out—in their proper places, and to okay the menu. I didn't do another single thing. That was luxury.

*Q: It certainly was.*

HARVEY: Imagine. She organized everything else: the butler to come in, and all of the other things, and she prepared the dinner and it was all served up and everybody had a good time.

*Q: Wonderful! You could relax thoroughly, knowing everything was under control.*

HARVEY: Yes. Well, I didn't entertain all the time; probably not as much as I should. But I did quite a bit.

*Q: What was your favorite kind of entertaining?*

HARVEY: Dinners. Of course, I had to give big receptions every once in a while. That was nice in good weather; they could spill over into the garden. I had a beautiful 4th of July party there once. Perfectly beautiful, with lanterns all in the trees. Electricite de France arranged the whole thing for me.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: That's what they did for people. It was very nice; it really was.

*Q: You had that for the Strasbourgois . . .how do you say?*

HARVEY: Especially all the [consular] corps; there was a big corps there. You see, we were one of the countries which didn't have a minister. A huge number of those countries would have been consulates-general. Some of them had the double title, but some of them just had a consul, and there were ministers to the Council of Europe. They didn't have huge staffs, but they had adequate staffs.

*Q: Quite a large corps, though, all together.*

HARVEY: Yes, it was. Did I tell you about the Algerians? I thought I did.

*Q: Perhaps last evening.*

HARVEY: Well, when Algeria became independent, they had to have a diplomatic consular service. By that time I'd been there so long I was the doyen of the consular corps in Strasbourg. One of the Algerians, who had an office—not in Strasbourg—in some other town, but not really as a consul. He came to me and said, “Now we're going to have to open a consulate in Strasbourg, and we don't really know how to run a consular office. What does a consul do? Perhaps you could tell us? You are the doyen. You could give us some tips.”

I think he really felt it was easier to talk to a lady than to another man, because it wasn't quite so shameful to talk to a woman about it.

I gave him the best advice I could, and pointed out that the police in the town where he lived would be infinitely helpful to him, with all kinds of local requirements—which would be different in different places. That was something he could always depend on, about holidays and things like that. There was a whole branch in the Prefecture for just that kind of advice to foreign officials. And he felt better.

[Tape interrupted]

HARVEY: The one I enjoyed most of all was Athens.

*Q: I thought you were going to say Athens.*

HARVEY: It has to be, although it certainly is hard to say I didn't enjoy Strasbourg. My own post meant a great deal to me, and that was my greatest satisfaction—to have my own post.

*Q: Was it?*

HARVEY: Yes, it was wonderful to have my own post. I really felt at home in it. I never tend to think I'm the administrative type; I'm not really, but I could manage that, and I enjoyed it. I think they were glad to have me. Everybody in Strasbourg was very kind to me.

*Q: They must have loved it, and you were there six years.*

HARVEY: Yes, I was an old hand by that time. Founded the club that they organized for all the corps, and everything: all the schedules, how much to run, and where are you going to rent it, and everything. We got all mixed up in things like that. That was fun.

*Q: Looking ahead, would you have any advice for young women who might want to enter the Foreign Service? Knowing everything's different?*

HARVEY: I'll ask the first question of you. Do they still have the cone system?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: Well, you've got then to choose your cone, and I think that's an interesting choice. How can you get out of a cone?

*Q: It's difficult.*

HARVEY: Because consular work is really very different from political work. I feel and felt for many years that many of the consuls in different parts of different countries—although they are supposed to and do send letters to their embassies—should be utilized a lot more than they are, and told to pick up things that local people, important local people, have in the way they think about various international political questions and relations with the United States.

You know, all of those things are not always the same from one part of a country to another, especially in a big country, and the consuls—if they are really trained to do this more than they are—could be very good listening posts. I don't mean that some of them don't do it well, but I don't think there's enough of it. It's not made a point to have somebody in a consular office keep sending information to the embassy—with copies, at least, to the Department. The embassy may not always send everything on. Sometimes they wouldn't like to.

*Q: Really?*

HARVEY: I once wrote a paper which I never showed to any of my chiefs because I decided it would be so against policy that the chief I had at that time would do nothing about it. So I finally burned it up. I think there's much more encouragement of critical writing now than there was. I think that should be encouraged, not necessarily to take the advice of the people, but to listen to it. Because people do have different experiences which should be brought together. Of course, we are becoming very homogenized, and perhaps these points will be less important. Our country is so big and things are so different from one part to another, and that's true in a number of places.

*Q: You had mentioned before how right after the war there was such a change in the importance of the U.S. all over the world. Do you think that's beginning to change?*

HARVEY: Oh, it's already begun to change, distinctly. I'm afraid it's already changing. For instance, I know in Greece Americans are not popular at all. I've been back, you see. Not very recently, but I've been back twice to Greece, and the second time it was very apparent they weren't.

You see, we had felt that there were Communist leanings, and all this sort of business. Personally, I have felt—even when I was still in Greece—that the Greek Civil War never quite came to an end. There were always groups of people in that country who were

not satisfied with the way things finally turned out. Those people exist still. I don't know whether they'd be pro-Russian. (Russia had an embassy there when I was there. It's the only time I've ever been in a Russian embassy; I went to their holiday, like any other official.) But they might be anti-American. I think they have become rather anti-American.

My guess is that Andreas Papandreou—in spite of the fact that our government doesn't like him very well, and I can understand why, I'm sure he's difficult—but I think he has to walk a rather thin line in many respects. Perhaps more than people who have known Greece far better than I do think. We've had some very good appointments to Greece as ambassadors. A couple, anyway, since I'd been there.

I don't know whether Monteagle Stearns is still there, or not?

*Q: No. Bob Keeley is the ambassador.*

HARVEY: Of course. I knew his father well.

*Q: Did you?*

HARVEY: Oh sure, his father was one of my first bosses when I got back from being interned. A terrible person to work for—but I loved him.

*Q: Before we end, I want to thank you so very much for a splendid interview.*

HARVEY: Thank you for being so patient with me; I can't believe it.

End of interview